# The January Messenger

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# The Messenger

New Opinion of the New Negro

*Editors:*
A. Philip Randolph
Chandler Owen

*Managing Editor:*
George S. Schuyler

*Business Manager:*
Roy Lancaster

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The MESSENGER is the recognized mouthpiece of the more advanced section of the Negro group in the United States. For ten years it has spoken intelligently and eloquently in behalf of organization of labor, white as well as black, believing, as it does, that the questions of wages, hours of work, safeguards on the job and proper representation of the worker, are the most important confronting the majority of the men and women, white as well as black, in the United States. For two years it has been the official organ of The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters whose organization it espoused and whose battles it has consistently fought.

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# The Messenger

## New Opinion of the New Negro

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# SAMORY—THE CONQUEROR

By J. A. ROGERS

Samory, West African conqueror, was born at Bissandougou in the basin of the Niger, about 1830. The sobriquet: "The Black Napoleon of the Sudan," was given him in recognition of his great military skill by the French commanders who fought him for eighteen years.

The son of a poor merchant and a female slave, he was captured when about eighteen in one of the numerous wars then raging among the little chiefs but, escaping, he took refuge with the king of Torondo, who, struck by his splendid physique and military bearing made him one of his bodyguard. The ambitious Samory learned to read and write Arabic, rose not long after to be one of the counsellors of the king, and continued his upward career until he stood next only to the king. Quarreling with this benefactor, however, he decided to return to his home in Bissandougou, where, because of his wealth, he at once became an important figure, being soon after named chief.

Finding himself at last with supreme power in his hands he decided to gratify his lust for conquest and, making war on the neighboring chiefs, killed them and annexed their land. Continuing his march northeastwardly along the banks of the Niger he succeeded in conquering all that region east of Sierra Leone to the buckle of the Niger and well up into the watershed of the Upper Niger. Among those that fell under his invincible march was his benefactor, the king of Torondo, who was beheaded by his orders. Like Napoleon, like most other conquerors, Samory was ruthless and devoid of gratitude to any former friend standing in his path.

Early in life Samory had been won over to the Mohammedan religion and as he swept onwards he gave the conquered the alternative of accepting the Koran and joining with him, or be butchered. Ignoring the title of king or emperor, he took the religious one of "Commander of the Faithful."

But Samory was to meet an impediment greater than the sum total of those he had already encountered. His empire of Ouassoulou, unknown to him, had changed hands —at least it had been given to another power in a conference of which he had, perhaps, not heard—a conference at which, he at least had not been present. England, Germany, Belgium, and Portugal had awarded his land to France.

In 1881, while besieging the town of Keniera, in the Upper Niger, a native sergeant in a French uniform came to him with a request from the French commander, asking him to discontinue the siege. Samory, it is said, ill-treated the envoy, and ordered him held for torture, but, escaping, the man reported to his commander. The prestige of France had to be upheld and so began a war that was to last until 1898.

With three hundred soldiers and the latest machine guns and small cannon the French commander marched toward Keniera, but when he arrived there the town had already fallen, and Samory in retreat. This retreat turned out, however, to be only strategy on Samory's part, for marching to meet the French with several thousands of his warriors he gave them battle, which, after three days, turned slightly in favor of the French by reason of their artillery. The latter, however, were finally forced to retreat for lack of ammunition. The warriors of Samory were many of them armed with the latest style of rifle from German, English and Belgian factories. It was said that he got these weapons in Liberia and Sierra Leone largely through the connivance of the powers named.

With success now on the side of the French, now on that of Samory, the war went on for the next five years. France's ambition was to keep a straight overland route from the French Congo to her possessions on the shores of the Mediterranean, but Samory, sweeping down on the caravans from time to time, made it so dangerous that France signed a treaty with him (1886), Samory giving up one of his sons, Karamoko, as proof of faith. Karamoko was then taken to Paris, shown the review of the French army on July 14, and returned to his father to tell what he had seen. Years later when Karamoko pleaded with his father to yield, declaring that the French were too strong for him, he caused the former to be chained in a tent, and fed just enough to keep him alive.

In December of the following year another treaty was made in which Samory agreed to abandon all the territory on the left bank of the Niger. In return he would be free to continue his activities on the right one. As soon as the agreement was concluded the French under Col. Gallieni, later of Paris war defense fame, began to build a number of forts along the river lest Samory should change his mind. Two years later France called for another treaty.

Continuing his conquests on the right bank, the wily Samory was hardly less active on the left where he was inciting the chiefs in that region to rebel. In 1891 war broke out once more. Col. Archinbaud having, as he said, proof of Samory's duplicity, decided to attack him and began by defeating his ally and former enemy, Tieba, the only Negro chief who had been successful in withstanding Samory's attack.

Meeting him at Kokouna, Col. Archinbaud repulsed him and captured his capital, Bissandougou. Samory's army numbered 30,000, a third of which was armed with modern rifles, and 2,000 cavalry. The French force was much smaller but had the advantage of artillery. Samory had only two small cannon and a bomb-thrower taken from the British. These were served by captured British natives.

Samory, however, was far from being beaten and gave battle for the next fifteen days. Finally the French, under Col. Bonnier, a colored officer, decided to make another treaty with him. In this agreement the French retained the captured territory, and marching southward to Kong, Samory continued the extending of his empire, recruiting his army among the Mandingoes, and buying guns with the gold he had hidden. Some time later a French expedition led by Capt. Marchand of Fashoda fame, narrowly escaped capture at his hands.

In June, 1897, due, as was said, to the fact that Samory was barring the route from the Ivory Coast to the Niger, the French once more declared war on him. After a short struggle Samory decided to retreat into the forest with his army of

(*Continued on page 22*)

# IN DEFENSE OF A VANISHING FICTION

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Excepting a considerable number of church statesmen, who devoted themselves almost exclusively to the duties of the episcopacy or the parish, the late Booker T. Washington takes the cake as the only first-rate statesman and diplomat the American Negro has yet given to the world. An intense realist, Booker never exploded in any ludicrous give-me-liberty-or-death heroics, or appeared in Madison Square Garden arrayed in a cardinal's cap and a green and white robe, or made himself ridiculous by demanding that Negroes be confirmed in all the abstract rights which white people were industriously taking away from each other. Even when he pleaded for "justice" for the Negro he usually tied the plea to the tail of a joke, with a twinkle in his eye and a sly droop of the jaw, thereby making it plain he did not really want to see the race annihilated. In short, Booker consistently conducted himself with the astuteness and dignity of a diplomat with intelligence enough to get the meaning of *"The Prince"* and sense enough to keep his mouth shut about it. Being human, he was not 100 per cent perfect, and now and then he pulled a bone. So did Bismarck; so did Metternich; so did Talleyrand; so did Jeremiah. But never did Mr. Washington pull such a fat one as the "intellectual" leaders of the race pulled when they muffed their chance to cash in on the rapist myth.

This myth, we suppose, had its origin in some dismal gin mill when, about two hours before a rape was reported, a hillbilly bartender had his envy roused by a pair of half stewed sambos, inflamed by the redeye and the buxom busts of the bourgeois caryatides carved in the mahogany woodwork, boasting of their intense and insatiable manhood. "The terrific libido of them bucks is liable to get out from under control any minute," the hillbilly reasoned, in his own simpler terms, as the blacks left the bar. Then came the news of a rape and he concluded at once: "One of them niggers is guilty sure as Jesus made green apples."

We are quite aware that our theory of the origin of the rapist myth is extremely heretical. The orthodox theory, the one supported by the "intellectuals," is that the cracker yokelry manufactured the myth out of the whole cloth. With all due respect for the leaders of thought, we must reject this theory, for we do not believe the post-bellum Southern mind has ever possessed enough inventiveness to fashion so beautiful a superstition without the help of a striking concatenation of events.

But the origin of the myth does not matter. The point is, that once invented, its immediate popularity was insured by its high utility as a stock justification of any atrocity a community wanted to perpetrate on the hated and envied shine. We all know how the crackers played it for all it was worth. The plain people employed it to get even with husky darkies they could not lick in a fair fight; virgins who had slipped up used it to insure their technical chastity; politicians howled themselves in office with it; newspapers grew rich by everlastingly playing it up on the front page. Southern Senators used it to intimidate curious Yankees who evinced an inclination to pry into the South's overrepresentation in Congress, and it was a heavy factor in bringing about the substitution of block-and-tall for lager and ale as the national beverage.

Eventually the influence of the myth overflowed the borders of Dixie, and spread west and north. During the first decade of the present century it began to look as if it would soon become a part of the common law that any Negro arrested for any crime or misdemeanor, whatsoever, say, arson or spitting on the sidewalk, should be tacitly charged with rape also. This explains, and in a way, extenuates, the conduct of such jurists as the California judge who conscientiously sentenced a Negro to thirty years at hard labor for stealing a dime. That was the dark hour before the dawn. During the war to end war the myth suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, and you hardly ever hear it mentioned nowadays, except in asylums for the senile insane and the halls of Congress.

Looking backward at the fat dividends the Southerners drew down from the rapist myth, we cannot withhold from them the meed of respect which is due enterprising men who, when they see a gravy train passing, know enough to get on and ride. We cannot say as much for the colored intellectuals who let them get away with it. Instead we charge the Negro Ghandis of the time with gross negligence and stupidity, for if they had not been asleep at the switch they could have made the rapist myth pay off in pro-Negro propaganda as handsomely as the crackers made it pay off in anti-Negro propaganda. To clinch our case we have only to call attention to the ostrich strategy they employed to nullify the effects of the myth, and point out the inevitably benign results they could have obtained by reversing their policy.

Their strategy consisted solely of vain and childish attempts to cry down the myth by persistently denying it. Nothing could have been more futile. It kept the Negro leaders forever on the defensive, alienated neutral whites and placed friendly whites in the impossible position of perpetual apologists. The result was to relieve cracker propaganda of practically all open and effective opposition, and, as we have shown above, it swept the country like a flu epidemic or a nonsensical popular song.

If the Negro intellectuals had had enough brains to get a headache they could have reversed this story as easy as rolling off a log. All they had to do was to accept the traditional rapist the cracker fancy had created, turn the rose spotlight on him, and let the world gaze on him and make up its mind whether he was the burly brute his authors claimed he was or a glamorous and romantic rogue with a certain fascination about him. We believe the world would have come to the latter conclusion.

The hero of the average newspaper assault story, observed critically, was by no means a low and vicious fellow. Instead he was a man rich in bohemian virtues, an incorruptible idealist and a believer in a philosophy of love as austere as the Apostle Paul's. He was a Christian vagabond unsoiled by the taint of materialism. Silver and gold he had none. Nor did he covet any other man's. Penniless, it was a common thing for him to be trusted with the keys of the village bank. A ragamuffin, he was usually the only man in the locality who had access to the family silver in half the homes of the community. When hard times came he was the trusted secret agent who conveyed the family jewelry to the pawnshop in the county seat and brought the money back. When prosperity returned he was again the go-between who maneuvered the exchange of wealth and saved the family pride. These services were not performed for pay, but out of the abundance of his altruism. And he was so punctilious in the performance of these gratuitous services that it was almost an unheard-of thing for him to be charged with a breach of trust prior to his stepping into the limelight with the commission of the usual crime.

Only his philosophy of love brought him in conflict with his fellowmen. This, we believe, was because his philosophy was too austere and elemental for the general comprehension. His doctrine seemed to be that the expression of love should be a spontaneous and unrestrained rite. We believe this places him miles above the charge of carnality. If he had been a merely lascivious fellow he could have earned enough at odd jobs to patronize Red Light Annie. But it was his idea that love should be equally free from the surveillance of church, state, and the acolytes of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." He was willing to make a bid for that freedom in the face of embattled society, thus demonstrating that he was not afraid to put his body in danger for the sake of a cause, which cannot be said for the merry villagers who lynched him, and clinching his membership in the band of heroic rebels who are forever fingering their noses at the mailed fist of Potsdam.

It is obvious now that if the Negro intellectuals had presented the rapist to the world as a glamorous and heroic rebel, as we have presented him here, all the radical bodies in the country, perhaps in the occident, would have rushed to their assistance overnight. The parlor bolsheviki of the time would have justified him ethically and philosophically. On the other hand, the protagonists of direct action would have sent delegations of bomb planters to the scenes of lynchings. With the rapist lionized on the one hand, and occasionally avenged on the other, his compatriots would have worked up a little pluck and the sport of lynching would have become decidedly more thrilling for the playboys of the Southern States. The final result would have been that the crackers who floated the rapist myth would have been the first to start crying it down, and the Negro intellectuals, who lost at least twenty years vainly fighting a fiction, could have devoted that time and energy to other phases of the problem. We recommend that they bear these few remarks in mind in case they find themselves in a similar situation.

# THE NEGRO AND RELIGION

## OR, ERRORS AND MR. BADDY

By V. F. CALVERTON

It seems highly unfortunate that in criticism of fact, the intrusion of racial chauvinisms should be permitted. Mr. Baddy, in his recent discovery of the "Errors of Kelly Miller and Calverton" is the exceedingly interest case to point. After having illuminated me and the readers of THE MESSENGER as to the errors of fact that are so conspicuous in my argument, he must add, with a kind of fatalistic fervor, "that it would be well for our white friends, when they wish to write about the Negro, to take the time to gather some real information and base their articles on more facts and less surmising." What the mistake in facts, which Mr. Baddy so stirringly accuses me of, has to do with the pigmentation of my skin, or my classification as either white or Negro, is rather difficult to see unless one can manipulate the microscopical lens employed by the all-penetrating eyes of the truth-bedeviled racialist.

I know Mr. Baddy's work fairly well from the articles that he has sent me, and at times I have even commented enthusiastically upon his courage in the issue of religion versus reason; it is all the more painful, therefore, to find him take such a sentimental stand as he did in his article in the October issue of THE MESSENGER.

But perhaps it may seem a little audacious of me to criticize my critic when he has assembled such an artillery of facts to destroy my conclusions. Mr. Baddy's first objection is rather vaudevillian in its gesture. He informs me that "the teachings of Christian mythology are (not) in their entirety the so-called product of the white man." Strangely enough, we agree. I do not know how anyone cognizant of the historical evolution of religion could disagree. However, that does not alter in any way the fact that the Negro took his Christian religion from the white man. That also is not surprising, since underclasses have a tendency to adopt the religion of upper-classes. I am sorry if I gave the impression that Christianity slipped Minerva-like from the cerebrum of the white Christians.

Mr. Baddy's statistics, especially those citing Howard University for his evidence, are not entirely persuasive. My intention was not that of correlating the number of students studying for the ministry in the various Negro colleges, but of the attitude of the Negro people, as a whole, to the Christian religion. In the first place, it is a very disputable point as to whether Howard University can even be considered typical. Even if it were, however, the fact would not be very revealing since after all a large percentage of Negro ecclesiastics never suffer the exigencies of a college education. Let us make a comparison that will make Mr. Baddy's optimistic citation turn somersault into the ridiculous. If we use the National Cyclopedia of the Colored Race for our reference, we shall find that, on the basis of one pastor to each church, there are seven thousand more Negro clergymen today than there are Negro teachers. Or suppose we compare the number of churches that have been erected for Negroes with the number of colleges and normal schools. In 1860 there were 15 Negro colleges and normal schools and 700 Negro churches; in 1916 there were but 500 colleges and normal schools and 42,000 Negro churches. Or if we consider the number of students in public schools and in Sunday schools we are again confronted with a similar situation. In 1860 there were 100,000 Negroes in public schools and 50,000 in Sunday schools; in 1916 there were 1,736,000 Negro students in public schools and 2,400,000 in Sunday schools. And finally, if one wishes to consider expenditure, one discovers that in 1860, $700,000 was spent for education and $1,500,000 for church property and church purposes; in 1916, only $14,600,000 was expended for education, and for things ecclesiastical $76,000,000 was consumed.

In the face of these facts it seems fairly convincing to conclude that if education has increased among the Negroes—and it has—it has not been at the sacrifice of religion.

Let us make merely one casual observation in conclusion. When a President is considered for a Negro college, the first and foremost candidates are inevitably bishops or the private footmen of the ecclesiastical machinery—the preacher with reputation but no riches. This is true of Howard University, of the West Virginia Collegiate Institute as well as of other Negro colleges. If we must compare intellectuals, imagine Bishop Manning being proposed for President of Harvard University, or the un-bishopful John Roach Stratton a candidate for the presidency of John Hopkins University. Such propositions are risibly absurd. It is true that in the south, where education is still fiddling with feudalism, the preacher has not perished as the promoter of earthly as well as heavenly enterprise. However, the intellectuals to whom I have reference in my article, rarely come from the south—and if they do, they never return. They come from the only intellectual centers of culture in America—if culture it must be called. In these northern university centers religion is decisively on the wane. Not only in my own experience with and in these institutions has proven this fact, but the experience of hundreds of others corroborate it. That is not the case with those Negro universities that I know personally or from any others that friends of mine know and have described to me in detail.

It is my belief that we shall be able to combat this handicap by a realistic approach that suffers neither from the optimism of youth nor the romanticism of the ostrich. If Mr. Baddy is convinced that the Negro is steadily becoming less religious and that the Negro intellectual is entirely free of the trappings of thing ecclesiastical, I certainly should be the last one to hope that he is wrong. The facts as I have observed them, however, lead me to be somewhat skeptical of Mr. Baddy's optimism, as they also lead me somewhat to doubt Mr. Kelly Miller's conviction that Christianity has always welcomed progressive thought.

### The New Negro

By HILL JOHNSON

I am boundless in health, dauntless in courage, restless in energy.

On the threshold of life I stand, face-front with my future.

I crave nutriment for my dreams, inspiration for my heart and hand and brain.

Within me slumbers a spirit of Independence and Industry, a desire for leadership, a will for Service.

I have turned to Education to waken me—to summon forth my hidden powers—to bring to light my concealed wealthy stores of art and resources—to steady my impulses—to safeguard my ideals — to ripen my judgment.

Fortified by Education's strength I seek to find my sphere, do full service to my race, my country, and my God.

In Education I invest my todays and live in anticipation of my tomorrows.

### Morristown Normal and Industrial College

By PROF. C. W. CANSLER

*Principal of Knoxville (Tenn.) High School*

Dr. Judson S. Hill came to Morristown as a young man more than forty years ago, and from humble beginnings and in the face of much opposition and discouragement began his work for Negro uplift. He has seen the institution of which he was founder develop from a small shed building to six magnificent brick structures besides the homes of the President and the Dean, and three other good buildings for manual and vocational training, and a productive farm of about 300 acres. From a teaching force of two people he has seen the school develop to its present place where twenty-eight teachers are employed.

Dr. Hill has brought to the city of Morristown more than a million dollars which have been expended there in the development of his educational program. He has met with much that would tend to discourage him in his efforts, but he has lived to see many people who once opposed him become his friends and the firm friends of his work.

Morristown Normal and Industrial College stands for the complete moral, religious and intellectual training of Negro youth. No parent will make a mistake by sending his child to this institution.

# A MORNING ON THE WATERFRONT

By H. VAN WEBBER

I was walking down West Street one cool September morning. The wind blew in cold raw gusts from the Hudson river, which runs parallel with West Street. It was early in the morning and few people were astir. I passed an occasional seaman walking slowly with the easy roll that told of days and nights on deck. Everything seemed to suggest strange ports and far away places. The cafes with their gilt signs "Aqui se habla Espanol," the masts and stacks of the big passenger boats between the piers. The bearded faces of foreign seamen; all these things breathed of other lands, lands where the sun shone warm and bright, ripening the purple grapes and the lovely women alike. The thought of sunlit Spain or Italy made the strong wind that was sweeping the streets seem colder and more piercing. I turned up my coat collar and nestled my chin down behind its thick fold. In spite of the cold wind I could not but admire the vigorous, forceful atmosphere of the street.

Life and energy seemed to pulsate in the very air. The blood pricked into action by the biting wind danced gayly through my body. On every side something contributed to the impression of force and virility. Nearly all of the streets were paved with large rough cobblestones. A stevedore pushing a bale of hay disappeared into a cavernous warehouse; then the wind wet and heavy with the moisture from river and sea tugged and pushed at me and stung my face and handes. It was all invigorating. "Down here", I mused, "men must be more alert, more sensitive. Surely no man, however staid or sluggish could remain in that state in such an evironment as this."

While thus musing, I had reached the building that I was seeking and turning I entered a small room filled with men, heat and smoke. This little room being a sanctuary from the chill and cold wind was packed with sailors, cooks, wharf rats, ex-Pullman porters, pimps, hustlers and various other characters who help to make the marine world so picturesque.

The absorbing topic, which was holding the interest of this smoking, swearing aggregation of men, was the definition of a pimp and a hustler. One dark brown, tight lipped man who was smoking a cigar, gave the definition of each, made a nice differentiation between the two and ended by making the dogmatic assertion that "There has been no real pimp in Harlem in the last twenty years." This immediately started an uproar of protest, a cacophany of sound ensued in which every key from the deep bass of the Georgia Messman to the shrill squeaks of the cook from Caracas could be heard. When this bedlam of sound died away, a new speaker took the floor. He was a baker from Santa Domingo, West Indies. "Look here," he cried in the swift torrent of English that marks the man from semi-tropical climes. "Look what the Clyde Company has to say about those new boats, the George Washington and the Robert E. Lee." Holding up a section of the Herald-Tribune he read, "These steamers were designed throughout to give the utmost in travel delight. Private accommodations compare in luxury with the best on land. "Yes, they're fine boats all right," he sneered. "Sure, they're fine." And then in a dry disgusted tone that was a revelation in irony he added, "For the passengers. Why when the ship is in port and the forward hatch is open, the chief cook and baker and the head waiter have to squeeze in sideways between the hatch cover and the sides of their cabins whenever they want to enter their rooms. But," he interrupted the laughter that followed this uncomical statement, "that's nothing; why even the dogs have a better place to sleep than the waiters, shure man, why the passenger can bring his dog on board, take him down a nice broad companionway to a comfortable dog house, and there he can come to see him every day without having to dirty his hands, but the waiters," and his voice shrilled forth in unutterable scorn, "the waiters; why they are packed together like sardines in a can. They don't even have room enough to set up a card table. They have to move two of the bunks to make room for a table. And the passageway is iron, nothing but cold naked iron, not even a strip of burlap to keep the men from catching cold. What the hell does the Company care. They don't give a damn about a waiter. They're only interested in building fine ships, luxurious ships, comfortable ships . . . for the passengers."

His shrill voice continued to echo his grievances and I turned to continue my observation of the various types of men who filled the room.

There was one old timer whose breadth of shoulder and thickness of chest gave him the aspect of a sort of super man. His complexion was that of an English walnut that has been burned a deeper tan by the hot sun. He was telling some of his adventures on the Barbary coast during the Russo Japanese war, when he was smuggling guns and ammunitions out of California. He broke off his reminiscences to bum a drink of moonshine from an acquaintance and then went out.

I listened a while to the soft musical patois of a cook from Martinique who was conversing with a little dried up seaman.

"These men," I thought, "are real adventurers. They've lived the things that most of us only read about. Hamburg, London, Iquique, San Francisco, Colon, these places are as familiar to them as Times Square and Harlem are to us. They've seen and participated in the wild Bacchanalian dances in Panama. They've seen the glorious beauty of the sunrise on the St. Johns river in Florida, they've had moments of intrigue and passion in Algeria and Peking and Galveston. They've had their moments of high endeavor when life stretches out in a golden panorama of joyous action. They've been shipwrecked and starved. They've lived for days and weeks on rotten food provided by some scoundrelly steward. They've lain sick with fever in Ceylon and Callao and Mazanillo.

(*Continued on page 22*)

## *Three Poems on the New Year*

By JOSEPHINE COGDELL

### Requiem

Above
The shouting crowd
On the Square
Hangs
The old year
Shrouded and cowed
Like the knave
And murderer it is
To be jeered
And mourned, pitied,
Mocked and feared
Before it too
Is laid
In the potter's field of Time
Beside other nameless years
With only a number
To mark its grave

### Eternalia

Lips, fads, kisses,
Feasts, Lads, Misses
Mirth as the New Year
Faces the Old.

Thefts, colds, madness
Murder, rape, sadness
Sobs as the New Year
Erases the Old.

### Just Reeling 'Round

The Old Year
A dead jay
A shed tear . . .

The New Year
A new love
A fresh fear

Any year
From the bed
To the bier
You step fast
You shift gear
Shuffle past
Disappear.

# AN AFRAMERICAN FABLE

By GEORGE W. W. LITTLE, JR.

Jim gave the tiny boot a final caress with his flying polishing rag and reluctantly straightened up to look into the face of his divinity, indicating with a nod that the shine was over. She descended from her chair and stood silent while he brushed her with the long whisk broom that he handled with a grace and dexterity born of constant practice.

Daintily, yet with a winning attractiveness that drew attention to every movement she made, she peered into her purse. A quarter. Jim received it as a communicant receiving the sacred wafer, and sped to the cash register. But with a wave of her manicured fingertips she indicated the change was his and walked out with a faint smile playing about her lips. The bootblack sighed under his breath and, with lowered head, searched under the feet of the next customer for the polish. Gee, she was a winner!

How long had this lasted? A month? Yes, a month of smiles and tiny boots and fifteen-cent tips, but they didn't matter. It was she who mattered. She with the smile, the chats when the stand was vacant, and the dancing light in her eyes that paid every smart snap of the rag more completely than the money. How he looked forward to her coming. And how sad and dull the place seemed after she had gone!

Yet, the delicious intoxication that she created with her faint perfumes, lingered after her, and his head throbbed, his hands itched, and his breath came with difficulty.

Sometimes he dared not raise his eyes, for fear she might read his thoughts. Sometimes he hated himself for not letting her read them; and then, when the opportunity came, the old fear returned and he concealed his feelings. She was easy to look upon, undeniably attractive, and Jim, even in his wildest imaginings, could not conceive her caring for him: small, ugly and black.

As he sat in his little shabby room at night, looking down on the street striped here and there by yellow bars of light, he dreamed of this woman, wishing that he, by some supernatural means, might become invisible and transfer himself to her presence.

He liked to picture her in negligee, or lying half nude across a diven in a dainty, cozy, soft lighted boudoir; only to awake to the stark reality of his dark and bare quarters, with the squalid couch on which he would throw himself, with a sign of dissatisfied anguish.

Jim was a dreamer; too much so to have been born poor. Before reincarnation he must have been a savant or a troubador or a court poet. The sudden loss of his parents had cut short his early beginnings of an education and the second year of high school was the last year he had not worked. He hated labor. Not because he was lazy, but because of his enforced associates, the trying environment; so, finally, after many other petty jobs, he became a bootblack. Here, at least, he could have his thoughts. Some of the other occupations almost prohibited thought.

He looked at life through a mist of day dreams. And what a placid existence had been his until she came. She of the blue eyes, the tiny boots and auburn hair. She talked to him and smiled at him, and in that smile he saw whole volumes of tenderness with suggestions of tantalizing delights. He alternated between rapture and despair as he recalled the past.

Tonight, he tossed upon his bed. No position seemed to bring him comfort and rest. He was wild with imagination, he pictured her bare arms, the rosy lips and a thousand other whirling delights. He sat up and touched the bare floor with his feet.

A shaft of light from an arc light in the street streamed in and showed with uncanny distinctiveness, a well fed cockroach making a pilgrimage to the ceiling, via the wall.

He turned his head in disgust.

Finally he donned his clothes and made his way down the creaking stairs to the street. The crowds were thinner, now. It was late and from the doorway across the street, a short, hideously-rouged-brown-skinned-maid beckoned him. A crippled beggar, half intoxicated, made an erotic journey down the middle of the street, homeward. A policeman leaned, half asleep, against the light pole. Jim walked aimlessly.

A police patrol rushed by with a clang that automatically stood the dozing policeman on both feet. It pulled up short, with a horrid screech of brakes, before a house. Four blue-coated men descended and started for the doorway.

Jim stood still, listening to the motor, and watched the patrolmen ascend the steps. A crowd was gathering, and, gaining more confidence, Jim moved forward with the leaders until he was opposite the stone steps that led to the front door.

The house was one of a row of houses, each exactly alike, with dingy bricks giving both age and cramp to the structures. Three stories in height and each with a vestibule, lighted with a gas flicker which swayed and blew in the draft, adding mystery to the gloom of the place.

A shuttered window opening on the street was crashed violently and a woman's scream vibrated into the cool night air. A crash of glass and then silence. Another scream and then two policemen appeared, dragging a scantily clad woman. She was fighting and yelling, tearing at her captors with kicks and attempted bites, but finally she was thrust into the wagon.

Craning his neck to see, Jim glimpsed her as the street light fell across her face, hideous with impotent hate.

"Damn you! You dirty bastards!" she spit at the policemen.

"Shut up, you damned whore!" replied one of them and her curses were lost in the confines of the patrol wagon.

Jim's heart paused; a cold hand seemed to grip his vitals.

It was she.

## The Dream of a Good Jazz-Bo

Had a dream
The other night,—
Filled me full of
Awful fright:

Dreamed my gal
Wuz long since dead—
Gosh amighty!
I wuz sc'ed.

Of all the things
I had to do . . .
Dreamed that I was
Dying too.

Lying there on
My death bed,
Pains ashooting
Through my head.

Old Saint Peter
Standing there
In his robe an'
His white hair

"Come an' go
To Peace wid me.
Res' yo'sef, boy.
Glory be!"

I looked up
An' this I said:
"Look here, Peter,
Leave my bed."

"I don't want to go to heaven,
I'll declare;
Cause my sweetie, Holy Peter,
She ain't there.

I have been
A good old scout.
I ain't thieved an'
Run about.

I know what
The Bible says:
Read it all my
Lousey days.

Prayed an' walked
'Fo' God an' man,
On'y lak a
Christian can.

But I loved
A 'wayward' gal.
She wuz evul—
But a pal.

When she died
She wished me well.
And I know she
Went to hell.
I don't want to go to heaven,
I'll declare;
'Cause my sweetie, Holy Peter,
She ain't there."

By S. MILLER JOHNSON.

# RED CAPS, OLD AND NEW

By ALLAN S. A. TITLEY

*A Former Red Cap*

In passing through the Grand Central Terminal one sees Red Caps young and old, some with two or three stripes on their left coat sleeve, some with no stripes at all. As one stripe signifies five years in the service, four stripes ought to mean something to the man who wears them; but those who are not familiar with the working system of this body of men will be surprised to know that they mean really nothing at all. A twenty year Red Cap is subjected to more injustice than a man who has recently joined the force.

Many years ago when colored Red Caps were first employed at the Grand Central Terminal, the force numbered well under 100 men; seniority rights were strictly observed, and every man received a salary. But the time came when the officials observing that there were more applicants for Red Cap work than they cared to pay, decided that something had to be done so that a large force of men could be available with little expense to the company. Accordingly a certain number of men were kept on the pay roll, and more men were permitted to join the force with the understanding that they would receive no salary but depend entirely on tips for a living, and in the event that any of the paid men were absent, the unpaid men would take their places and receive their salary while they were away. These unpaid men were called Extra Red Caps, and were held responsible for the incoming local trains. Regular men were detailed on Vanderbilt avenue and also covered the through trains. In those days the work of an extra man was very tedious and he was greatly imposed upon. He was made to sweep the platforms in the summer, and in the winter he shoveled snow and threw sand on the platforms, of incoming trains so that passengers would not slip when alighting; if he covered one of the through trains he was severely disciplined. Today extra men have full charge of all the incoming trains, the only difference is that where there used to be about 40 in the old day, there are now over 300. Although the men experienced many hardships in the old station, they considered Red Cap work as the best unskilled job in those days. Not more than six openings were counted on a train (an opening is the front exit of an incoming train), and four men to each opening, so that a man could get a job very easily from the rear of a train, if he failed to get one from his opening. A porter could easily take a passenger from a train to the Belmont Hotel and return in time to get another job from the same train. The cab stand and parcel room were near by, so in spite of all the drawbacks, there was money to be made even though a man did not receive a salary.

Then came the tremendous task of building the new Terminal, and all trains were transferred to the old Lexington Avenue Station. One was struck by the marvelous work of building a station and accommodating the traveling public at the same time.

A change in locality did not bring a change in the routine of work for the Red Cap; his duties remained the same. The man worked 12 hours with one hour for lunch, and reported for duty in three shifts: 7 a. m. to 7 p. m.; 12 noon to 12 midnight and 7 p. m. to 7 a. m. The salaried men received $10.70 a month and the night men received $21.40 a month. These men had to clean the station from 2 a. m. to 5 a. m. When an extra man was promoted to the position of a regular man he began working at night. It was not until the new station was completed in 1913, that a regular cleaning force was employed.

With the opening of the new station the company expressed the desire that everything should be new; every man had to buy a new uniform, and the men were told that as the station was supposed to be the grandest the world had seen, there was the necessity of having the largest and best disciplined Red Cap force in the world. Nothing was said about raising the salary, but more men were taken on at no salary at all.

These conditions existed until the war period when those men who were within the draft age, had to find other work to do, as Red Caps were not considered essential, and were not included in the work or fight law. Some of the men were given the option of 90 days leave of absence, or being transferred to the baggage room. They were told that in the event of a cessation of hostilities they could return to the Red Cap force and take their places according to seniority. When it was discovered that every Red Cap would have to receive a salary of $45 a month, the company retained not more than 100 men. It is interesting to note that 100 men at that time received three times as much from the company as over 500 men receive at the present time. After the Armistice was signed, the men who had been working in the baggage room returned to the Red Cap force with full seniority rights, but those who had left the station and had been away more than 90 days had to return as new men. The railroads soon went back to private control and the salaries were reduced from $45 to $20 and not long afterwards they were again reduced to $18. This was quite a disappointment to the men, but they were helpless; they could not demand anything; if they were not satisfied they could go, as men were applying for work daily, and were willing to work for nothing. If a man showed any signs of trying to show the men that they should stand up in a body and demand their rights, he would be promptly put on a detail where there was very little money, or he would be discharged for the slightest offense.

At the present time the Red Cap labors under the same conditions and there are over 300 unpaid men in the station. It was surprising how quickly the force swelled after the war period, when men could be got for nothing, 100 men are detailed on one train, 10 men to an opening and 10 openings are counted to a train. When it is considered that very few trains have more than 6 openings it will be seen what an overcrowding there is in the force, and all because men are satisfied to work for no salary.

The oldest paid men now work at the parcel rooms, and at the train gates; they prefer this, than to walk around 42nd Street, as the Vanderbilt Avenue men have to do; yet these men can only work within a certain area, anything outside that area an extra man can have.

It is a sad but true fact that not twenty men out of the Red Cap force would go forward and stand up for their rights. Every effort that has been made to change conditions on the part of the men has been ignored by the company.

(*Continued on page 22*)

## Three Mississippi Spirituals

By HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

### Flood

If the waters get too hungry
Let them feed on earth,
Do not stay them.
We were hungry too,
Don't we know the need
Whose maws are still unfed.

Hence we shall travel
From the earth's thick lips,
We shall not feed her wantonness again
Whom we have loved unloved.

Waters shall feed on what her body has,
So it is as God has planned—
On whom shall our teeth fasten?

### Flame

When tongues are warm
It is time to be wary,
God is desirous.

When grass is crimson
Blowing in a purple night
Though no wind is by,
Don't you catch the meaning
In the buzz of reckoning?
God is lascivious.

Sweet flesh crackles,
God is come to earth,
But I am not his fire,
I am his fuel.

### Flagellation

The snake is flying
In a forest of white towers;
He must have a rock
From which to spring and soar,
On which to settle
When he is not bird or bat
But reptile.

# "BEST" EDITORIAL FOR NOVEMBER

**Selected from the American Negro Press**

By EUGENE GORDON

*Noted Journalist on Staff of Boston Post*

*This matter of selecting the "best" one of any class of things is always full of risks for the foolhardy who attempt it; however, those who explain their methods more often escape wrath than those who do not. As a matter of necessity, especially if one person makes the selection, the method must be arbitrary. If it be arbitrary it must follow certain lines of guidance — certain rules from which no appeal is allowed. Moreover, the word "best," as used nowadays in our appraisal of qualities in stories, books, newspapers, plays, and so on, is far from being an absolute term; at best "best" as thus employed is merely relative, and its relativeness becomes apparent in proportion as the selector of the "best" be a "committee" of one person or of several. For that reason no story or editorial or book or play selected as the "best" should be considered as unqualifiedly perfect; it should be considered merely as having met more thoroughly than any other story or editorial or book or play* that was read by the selector *the arbitrary rules or tests applied to it.*

*As there are in other literary forms certain elastic principles which govern them, so are there in the newspaper editorial. For the purpose of this new department, however, the elasticity must be removed. The principles made hard and rigid. If this were not done the rules would not be arbitrary, and arbitrary they* must *be, to be effective, in this particular undertaking.*

*I have made for my use a standard rule by which each editorial read during the month will be measured. That one which adjusts itself most nearly perfectly to this standard will be chosen as the* best *of all those examined. A newspaper's editorials may be selected more than once.*

Illustrating my more or less frequent charge that writers often stray from the facts, I cite the editorial entitled "Will We Vote for Good Government?" in the Detroit *Independent* of November 4.

"From the time Crispus Attucks, who was the first American to be killed at Bunker Hill," begins the editorial dissertation on the loyalty of Aframericans to the flag. Of course, Crispus Attucks *was not* killed at Bunker Hill (which is in Charlestown), but in Boston. The place where Attucks is said to have fallen is marked by a circle in State street, the heart of Boston's financial district, and is some miles removed from Bunker Hill.

For the rest, there were some fairly good editorials printed during November. Because of the clarity with which it exposes an unfortunate international situation, the editorial from the Pittsburgh *Courier* of November 19, entitled "Annexing Another Colony," is selected as *best* of the month.

## ANNEXING ANOTHER COLONY

**Casting the last bit of pretense and hypocrisy aside, the United States Government has grabbed little Nicaragua. For years a detachment of American Marines was kept at the capital of the country as a warning to the politicians to work steadily in the interest of American business as represented by the mahogany and fruit companies. Alarmed by the success of the Labor government in Mexico which had taken over the land and given it to the peons and anxious to protect the investments of Yankees in Latin-American countries from possibly a similar fate, the United States Government stepped into the picture recently when Sacasa, the Liberal leader, friendly to Mexico, was about to gain the Presidency of Nicaragua. The Marines proceeded to make Nicaragua safe for Wall Street, as they helped to make the world safe for it ten years ago. Thousands of soldiers of the sea were piled into the country to "protect" the handful of Americans there. Neutral zones were declared in such number that there was nowhere for the contending Nicaraguan forces to fight. Ammunition belonging to the Liberals was thrown into the river. The forces of the legal President were routed by American bullets and an American-owned puppet put in his place.**

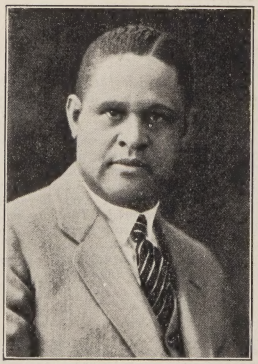
**Now, Dr. W. P. Cumberland, present financial advisor to our Haitian puppet government, has been ordered to Nicaragua "to supervise the proposed reorganization of its financial structure." Ironically enough, part of this financing provides for floating an immediate loan of $2,000,000 to meet claims against the Nicaraguan "government" arising from damages incurred while the Nicaraguans were recently resisting the domination of their country by the United States. This is the same sort of thing our government put over on Haiti and Santa Domingo. It is reported that additional loans totaling $22,000,000 will be extended to settle all claims and to build an inter-ocean railway to speed the exploitation of the country and its people. Out of this sum the Nicaraguans are also to pay for the supervision of their elections (where they will vote for American-picked candidates) by our Leathernecks; the entire expenses of our Army of Occupation while it was grabbing the country; and all claims of the United Fruit Company and other big American plantation owners. Brown Brothers, the New York bankers who formerly owned Nicaragua, have turned it over to a group of Wall Street bankers headed by J. & W. Seligman & Company, who will underwrite all of the loans. Of course this money will never leave the United States and the coffers of our investment bankers. No Nicaraguan will ever see it, except a mite in the form of salary as an American catspaw. Here we have a clear case of a government which cannot protect millions of its citizens at home, spending millions of dollars and sacrificing the lives of its soldiers to capture a numerically weaker neighbor, and then being paid by the investment bankers for its trouble.**

**Of course, Nicaragua still has her national flag and remains in the family of nations, but only nominally. In reality she takes her place alongside of Haiti, which belongs to the National City Bank, and of Cuba, which is a satrapy of the Sugar Trust. Henceforth, under the lash of "efficiency" and "improved methods" the dark-skinned workers of Nicaragua, formerly pawns in the frequent revolutions financed by alien schemers and headed by rival generals, will sweat to pay off money "lent" to them by their American masters. So the American Empire follows its star of destiny.**

In the order named, the following are chosen as "next best": 1. "Press Trials of Persons Accused of Crime," Norfolk *Journal & Guide, Nov.* 5; 2. "They're Astonished," Chicago *Defender, Nov.* 5; 3 "Senator Glass Violates Historical Accuracy," *Journal & Guide,* Nov. 26; 4. "A Vote for Mob Law", New York *Age,* Nov. 19; 5. "Wasted Energy," *Defender,* Nov. 5; 6. "Contrasts," *Defender,* Nov. 5; 7. "The Frying Pan and the Fire", N. Y. *Amsterdam News,* Nov 9; 8. "The Tin Cup Habit", *Journal & Guide,* Nov. 19; 9. "Americans, 97.1 Per Cent", Chicago *Whip,* Nov. 5; 10. "Revising School Histories", New York *Age,* Nov. 26; 11. "Tiger Flowers", *Amsterdam News,* Nov. 27; 12. "Social Garbage Cans," Oklahoma *Black Dispatch,* Nov. 24.

**Note: Negro newspapers not on our exchange list are requested to send us copies weekly.—Ed.**

# THE AFRAMERICAN ACADEMY



ALBON LEWIS HOLSEY

Mr. Holsey has achieved great prominence because of his successful efforts toward making the National Negro Business League businesslike. Since he took hold of things enthusiasm, efficiency, finance and membership have leaped upward. His early training as a journalist and advertising man have stood him in good stead in promoting the work. Born in Athens, Ga., in 1883, he is a graduate of Knox Institute and Atlanta University. In 1914, he joined the staff of Tuskegee Institute and entered into the work of the League. Since 1917 he has been Secretary to the Principal, has directed the publicity of the school, has edited the Tuskegee Messenger, served as secretary of the Board of Trustees and edits the Business League Bulletin. (Photo by Photographic Division, Tuskegee Institute.)

CLARENCE CAMERON WHITE

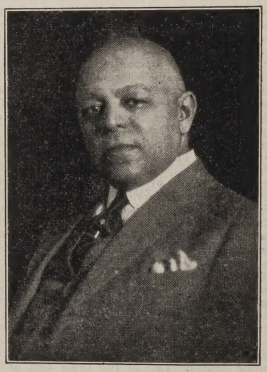
One of the leading violinists and composers in the United States. He was born in Clarksville, Tenn., and reared and educated at Oberlin, Ohio. His musical training was received at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music and in Europe under M. Zacharewitsch and S. Coleridge-Taylor. While in London he was first violinist of the "String Players Club," the finest string orchestra in Europe. He has taught at the Washington Conservatory of Music, in the public schools of Washington, D. C., and is now Director of Music at the W. Va. Collegiate Institute. For seven years he was Conductor of the Victorian Concert Orchestra (63 members) of Boston, and is a member of the leading musical societies. His compositions have been rendered by such artists as Fritz Kreisler and Roland Hayes and by the principal symphony orchestras of the land. (Photo by Scurlock, Washington, D. C.)

SCIPIO AFRICANUS JONES

A native of Arkansas, he is best known for his brilliant victory in the defense of the Elaine, Ark., riot victims before the U. S. Supreme Court in 1923. He was admitted to the Supreme Court of Arkansas in 1900, to the U. S. District Court in 1901, to the U. S. Supreme Court in 1905, and the U. S. Court of Appeals in 1914. He successfully fought the pernicious convict farm-lease system in his state, defeated the efforts of the whites to disfranchise Arkansas Negro voters by amending the state Constitution, and obtained a notable victory for the Arkansas colored Shriners and for the Grand Lodge of the K. of P. He was elected special judge in the Municipal Court of Little Rock, Ark., on April 8, 1915, serving with great distinction. He is National Attorney General for the Mosaic Templars of America. (Photo by Kettering and Reynolds, Little Rock, Ark.)

MORDECAI WYATT JOHNSON

Born in 1890 at Paris, Tenn., a product of Roger Williams Univ., Howe Institute, Morehouse College, the Univ. of Chicago, Rochester Theo. Seminary and Harvard Univ., he taught two years at Morehouse College and became Student Secretary, International Committee, Y. M. C. A., in 1916. In 1917, he became pastor of the First Baptist Church, Charleston, W. Va. While there he conducted the World War Finance Campaign for his county, organized a branch of the N. A. A. C. P. with a membership of 1,000, reorganized the finances of the West Virginia Baptist State Convention, and established the Co-operative Cash Grocery, a Rochdale co-operative among Negroes, now in its fifth year. He became President of Howard University in 1925. (Photo by Scurlock, Washington, D. C.)



FRED R. MOORE

Born in Virginia 70 years ago, he spent his early life in Washington, D. C., and served as messenger in the Treasury Department for many years. Forty years ago he became clerk in the Western National Bank in New York City, where he worked for 20 years. During part of this time he published a monthly magazine known as The Colored American. Since 1907 he has been owner and editor of The New York Age. When he ran for the State Assembly on the Republican ticket in 1901, he was the first Negro to ever make a political campaign in New York. He is a Director of the National Urban League and an Executive of the National Negro Business League. He was elected to the New York Board of Aldermen in 1927. (Photo by Richard-Ward, N. Y. City.)

By JAMES W. IVY

*"Heavenly Discourse" (Vanguard Press;* $0.50), *by Charles Eskine Scott Wood.* I have read this book three times, and the more I read it the more I delight in the wisdom of Mr. Wood. There are jabs at all the follies of the day: Prohibition, Billy Sunday, Birth Control, etc. Some of the dialogues are of high order; neither Rabelais nor Swift has done anything better than "God, Paul, and Satan on Christianity." The book is uproariously funny and witty to boot. It is civilized humor; far from the saccharine humor of the Sunday supplement. America seldom produces books of this particular type; this one shows that America must be coming of age.

*"Land of the Pilgrim's Pride" (Alfred A. Knopf:* $2.50), *by George Jean Nathan.* This, Mr. Nathan's most recent book, is largely a compilation of his "clinical notes" from the files of the "Mercury." The opening subject is a discussion of the "New Morality," a study of our changing sex morals.

"The historian who will set himself to chronicle the salient features in sex morals that has come over the United States in these years of the Twentieth Century, will be impressed by the manner in which that change has affected the American social classes of the second and even third levels.

"Never before in the history of the contry's biological conduct has this class of Americans shown a decline in the old moral order as it shows it today. The puritanical attitude toward sex which it periodically displayed up to within a dozen years ago is rapidly disappearing. Today its philosophical attitude inclines more and more toward the Latin. When I refer to this class, I speak of it, of course, as a whole. There are frequent instances of rebellion against its changed attitude on the part of certain of its component parts and the public prints are often a battle ground upon which these upholders of the old tradition plant their thundering Busy Berthas, but, taking it generally, it no longer parades in the moral theatrical whiskers of Josh Whitcomb and the moral eyeglass of Archibald Carlyle."

What Mr. Nathan is saying here is so old and so true that it is actually a platitude. Sexual intercourse unanointed by a license and a priest is no longer regarded as a *scandalum magnatum*, it is regarded as hardly more than a trifle, or what the old moralists called *parvitas materiae*—moral trifles insufficient for animadiversion. The conditions described by Mr. Nathan have existed for seven or more years, they started even before the War, yet few historians of the current scene, excepting Judge Lindsay and Dr. Waters and a few others, have come out and boldly described the actual conditions. The Cause? Mr. Nathan ascribes it to the gradual infiltration of slang which permits one to discuss the *ars armandi and psychopathia sexualis* in even the best of society. The first assault on chastity is always verbal, and there can be no better ramrod than slang with its insinuations, its humor, and its implied meanings.

Of course, Mr. Nathan mentions other causes, but finally clings to slang as the most plausible one. Mr. Nathan really does not help us with this explanation of his, for why did American society gradually become the slang wench that she is? The War partly, I am led to believe, and various other social factors which can be isolated only after extended research. Probably Mr. Nathan's contention that we move in cycles is as good as any. That is, that after a period of refrigerator-morality we must, and inevitably do, pass into a sort of Restoration, so that "Ostracism for sexual dereliction today operates very feebly in the Republic in so far as its upper class is concerned."

Even the females no longer look upon illicit, so-called, coitus as *peccatum originale.* I can remember that, say, six years ago, the girl when solicited by her admiring male friend, armed herself with the Bible, using as ammunition Paul's favorite words about coitus outside wedlock. Today your knowing flapper tells you that she doesn't care for you, because she doesn't like your looks, because she is afraid that you will prove a disappointment after the competent men that she has had, because she has one good man already, because of the fear that you have—and a dozen other rational reasons of a similar type, but never once do they object because the Bible says that it is a sin. No! To them what the Bible says in this matter is nonsense. Why the bolder of these young ladies will even tell you the number of men that they have had, the peculiarities of each, the methods they used to avoid conception, and various other erotic details, which we find so carefully catalogued in the *Kama Sutra* and the *Perfumed Garden.* To quote Mr. Nathan: "A second fact that will impress itself upon the historian of modern sex is the perhaps deplorable practicability of a moderate lack of chastity on the part of the present day young woman. To put the matter delicately, the virgin today stands infinitely less chance of grabbing off a meritorius husband than her slightly lax sister. She gets a husband, true enough, but what kind? Generally some very young idiot or some more adult sentimental ass. The day of the romance of the chaste young woman appears slowly to be vanishing; men no longer view her as the desirable goddess of the past. Chastity alone is no longer the bait that it once was. Other qualities are demanded in a woman, and are regarded as vastly more important, and are more efficient in roping and pulling in the marrying male.

"Today things have come to such a point that the so-called virgin is actually a subject for esoteric mirth and jeer not only on the part of men, but also on the part of women, and not only on the part of women, but, what is more, on the part of the unhappy creature herself. She is not proud of her virtue as she once was, but actually ashamed of it."

"The virtuous woman no longer holds the pedestal as she once held it in cultured, experienced, intelligent and cosmopolitan society."

The title "Land of the Pilgrim's Pride" turns out to be quite ironical: What pilgrim would take pride in this land where the women and the men have ceased to worship the hymen and women on the upper and upper middle levels are following the same sexual code as the men? The women have found that the *Ark al-Halâwat* is verily, as the Arab women say, a "vein of sweetness" and no longer do the conventicles and the preachers and the moralists deter them from finding out for themselves.

Perhaps I have devoted too much of this review to the "New Morality." It only fills sixty-four pages out of two hundred and ninety-four, but to many readers it will be the most startling part of the book. However, Mr. Nathan turns his sceptical and acute mind onto other phases of the American scene. He discusses the "American Emotion", "The Motherland," "The Gastronomic Capital," which is New York, and as a warning tailpiece, tacks on the red flag of "Delusions." Mr. Nathan is at his best; don't miss him, therefore, in the "Land of the Pilgrim's Pride."

*"The Negro In Chicago; 1779 to 1927" (Chicago; The Washington Intercollegiate Club of Chicago), compiled under the direction of Frederic H. Robb.* This is the first volume and the first edition of a very interesting booklet on the city of Chicago and its colored citizens. The next edition is to appear in 1929. Mr. Robb and his associates in the work are to be congratulated on the product that they have turned out. It is handsomely printed on glazed paper, and embellished with many cuts of various religious, social, fraternal, academic and political societies. There are individual pictures of Chicago's leading citizens. A Who's Who, a commercial section, a list of Chicago's Colored newspapers and magazines, clubs, etc. All the up to date information is here.

Of course, there are many errors which can not be avoided in a work of this kind.

On page 189, for an example, under the caption, "Labor must Organize," the *Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters* is referred to as the *Brotherhood of Pullman Car Porters*. The treatment of the Brotherhood is both fair and well done. There are other errors of a similar nature which creep in from time to time, but, on the whole, the book is well gotten up and will show every American Negro how prosperous and energetic are the Negroes of Chicago.

*"Portraits In Color"* (*The Viking Press*: $2.00), *by Mary White Ovington.* In this volume of "Portraits in Color" are some of the best pen portraits of Negroes that have been painted. Miss Ovington paints her men and women with loving sympathy and an intimate understanding of the obstacles they had to overcome. Often she misses the quiddities of her subjects, for she paints the high lights, and by way of balance sometimes uses a light grey, but she leaves out the shadows which alone can make her portraits deep, significant, full of lessons for posterity. Miss Ovington is very Catholic in her selections, and her characters range from James Weldon Johnson and Du Bois through Marcus Garvey and Langston Hughes. There is Lucy Laney who "would rather teach than eat"; Max Yergan who "is the first 'Y' secretary to work among the natives of South Africa"; Robert S. Abbott who "Made the colored newspaper a popular institution"; Ernest Just who "has an international reputation as a biologist"; and Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller who was "a favored pupil of Rodin." There is a first class portrait of Hayes; one of Janie Porter Barrett; one of Louis Tompkins Wright; another of Maggie L. Walker; and one of Robert Russa Moton. You will find in this volume as interesting and as fine pen portraits of Negroes as are to be found in any recent book of its class.

*"Plumes; A Play in One Act"* (*New York*: *Samuel French*: $0.30). *By Georgia Douglas Johnson.* A well written one-act play of Negro life—which won first prize in the "Opportunity" literary contest in 1927. The scene is a kitchen of a two-room cottage. Here we find the mother, Charity Brown, heating a poultice over the stove for her sick daughter, Emeline. A knock is heard at the door and in comes Charity's friend, Tildy. On the chair Tildy spies Emeline's dress upon which her mother has been working, takes it up and tells Charity that she'll help on it. Tildy works on the dress while Charity makes the poultice, and the conversation turns on Emeline's illness and the doctor. "Doctors is mighty unconcerned here lately," asserts Tildy; and Charity affirms this view with "I don't have too much confidence in none of 'em." This leads to a further discussion of doctors. "The doctor said the last time he was here he might have to op'rate—said she might have a chance then", says Charity. She goes on: "But I tell you the truth, I've got no faith a tall in 'em. They takes all your money for nothing." "No, they ain't sure. That's it exzactly," says Tildy. "They takes your money jest the same and, and leaves you flat."

The uncertainty of the skill of the doctors suggests to Charity the idea that her daughter will probably not be here for long, and turns her thoughts to Zeke's and little Bessie's funerals. "It worries me," says Charity, "when I think about how Zeke was put away—that ugly pine coffin, jest one shabby old hack and nothing else." Little Bessie's was even worse.

"We all jest scrouged in one hack and took her little cofin in our lap all the way out to the graveyard," says Charity, breaking into tears. So Charity has made up her mind that the next funeral must be grand. "I made up my mind that last time, that the next time one of us what died would have everything gran'—plumes. I saved and saved and now—" "All they think about is cutting and killing and taking your money" answers Tildy. The two women proceed to drink the coffee which has been boiling on the stove. After emptying her cup, Charity looks at the grounds and wonders what they mean. If only Diliah Morris would drop in and tell her the meaning of these grounds. Tildy pipes up that she can tell what the grounds have to say. After the proper ceremony Tildy examines the cup; turning to Charity she tells her that she hasn't seen a cup like that since "jest before her ma died." Tildy goes on; her description of what she sees is that of a funeral. Outside there is the tramp of horses, the ringing of the church bell; they look out the window and see "Bell Gibson's funeral coming from Mt. Zion." "My Lord, ain't it grand—Look at them horses—look at their heads—plumes—how they shake em. Land-o-mighty!" exclaims Charity.

The doctor comes, decides that he must operate if Emeline is to recover and tells the mother that he has cut the price to fifty dollars. Charity wants to know if he is sure that her Emeline will recover; he tells her that he can't be certain. The mother loves her child, but the doctor is not sure of the efficacy of his operation; then too, coffee grounds don't lie, and a funeral with plumes will cost exactly fifty dollars. "Fifty dollars, so Matilda Jenkins told me. Them plumes is what costs," Charity had said while watching Bell Gibson's funeral procession. Fifty dollars to the doctor for an operation—"I'd jest be spending this money that I needs—for nothing, nothing." He can't promise her a thing—fifty dollars—for nothing, nothing at all. Plumes? She can get a fine funeral, with plumes, for fifty dollars."

Dr. Scott goes back to his office, not before telling Charity, however, that if she decides on the operation to run over and tell him. In the meantime Tildy enters from the yard where she has been hanging out clothes. Seeing Charity she questions: "What's the matter?" "The doctor wants to oparate," answers Charity. "I can't see what's the use myself—he can't save her with no operation, coffee grounds don't lie," confirms Tildy. While the two women are sitting in the silence trying to decide what to do about the operation a strangling noise comes from the inner room, and Charity runs in to find that her Emeline is dead. Now she can have a funeral with plumes.

A thoughtfully worked out one-act play is "Plumes." The mother Charity wants her daughter, if she dies, to have a fine funeral—to have plumes; yet she loves her and would willingly pay the doctor the fifty dollars if her superstitions didn't convince her that the doctor's "operation" was useless. Fifty dollars to the doctor for nothing when the coffee grounds have already told her that Emeline is going to die; so she quite naturally decides that it is better to let the operation go and take the fifty dollars and put it into a funeral with plumes.

*"The Common Sense Conception of The Race Problem"* (*Boston*: *Back Bay P. O. Box* 299), by Raphael P. Powell. Mr. Powell tells us in his preface that it is his earnest desire that his little book will usher us into "the folds of perpetual happiness", which is nonsense to start with. He starts his book, or rather pamphlet, with a definition of "common sense" that is neither sense nor common; defines faith and admonishes us that "If black men will work with faith * * * God will work with them, and great powers shall fall before them"; and goes on to tell us that "It seems a fallacy to believe that one race will conscientiously and in good faith endeavor to lift another race to its highest level or above itself." This sort of stuff about the race problem is as old as the hills, and a glance at the first page tells me that this man Powell is neither a writer nor a thinker. Some of the best heads of our time have written about the American race problem, so when a man sits down to pen his thoughts on it he must have something original to say, or show us facets of it hitherto unknown; otherwise what he has to say will simply be one more silly dissertation added to an already mounting amphigouri.

*"The Evil Religion Does"* (*Boston*: *The Liberty Press*: $2.00), *by Morrison L. Swift.* Mr. Swift makes a ludicrous travesty of a fine idea. All that he does with it is to burke it, so to speak, under a farrago of words. He is hazy in his thought and is not at all times careful of his syllogisms. The author actually deceives himself when he imagines that he is disturbed because of the evil done by religion. He is, I imagine, from the way he writes, a good New England Yankee, one of the superior Nordics, who has been suddenly aroused to the fact that other peoples have dispossessed him. The fair fields and fertile hill sides of New England are dotted with the farms of Portugese, Greeks, Italians and a sprinkling of Irish. These races are surely not Nordics. And in finance, that other non-Nordic race, the Jews, have an enormous power; so what could be more natural than for the good Mr. Swift to sound his horn of alarm. The Jews and the Orientals come in for a full dose of his prejudices. He has found more Jewish conspiracies than has Mr. Ford and his "Dearborn Independent" since they started "Procotol" hunting. He has such a dislike for the Jews that he sees them everywhere, there are ten millions of them in America, he tells us, when there are only a few more than three million. After squirting some of his Nordic amber on the Jews, he turns his squirt gun on the Catholics, spraying them with a few more of his inaccuracies and hates, and then he winds up by giving the Protestants a good dousing.

Is there any truth in Mr. Swift's thesis: that to follow the dogmas and principles of religion to their logical conclusions is to create problems just as bad as those the dogmas and principles set out to solve? Yes, a great deal; but Mr. Swift bogs his whole case by inane prejudices and petty hates.

(*Continued on page* 22)

# EDITORIALS

ANOTHER star has passed out of the constellation of national celebrities. Tiger Flowers was probably the most spectacular boxer in the American ring during his time. His outstanding qualities were aggressiveness, speed and bull-dog tenacity. The observation of his fighting strategy revealed that his motto was that a quitter never wins and a winner never quits. He did not only fight hard and remain on the offensive, but it was apparent that in no fight, regardless of the punishment he received, would he quit.

**Tiger Flowers**

He was also interesting because of his attitude toward life. Unlike most men in the ring, he was stoical in his manner of living. He was not given to cabareting, kaleidoscopic display or dissipation of any kind. He might be appropriately styled as the Puritan boxer of the American ring. Doubtless this was responsible for his marvelous speed and exceptional endurance.

His passing is mourned not only because he shone brightly in the ring, on account of his remarkable skill, but because he was known as a good sportsman and of recognized gentlemanly parts. His death was a shock to everyone who followed his splendid career.

It is a pity that the reported slight operation on the eye dealt Tiger a knockout blow. It seems to us that it could have been less fatal, if proper caution had been employed. Persons of outstanding service and worth to the community should be more carefully guarded and protected when subjected to any serious physical changes by way of operations. It was a crime that Florence Mills was not given a better chance for her life under the most careful arrangements for the performance of the operation. We don't believe that there was any good reason why Tiger Flowers or Florence Mills should not have survived what is loosely termed a minor operation. All operations are major operations and should be considered as such by the medical and lay citizenry. When this is done, we believe there will be fewer such costly casualties. Tiger's death is a loss to the race.

EVENTS are moving swiftly onward. Probably the most significant happening of the month was the calling of the preparatory disarmament conference in Geneva. All of the outstanding powers of Europe came together to talk about the age-long effort of mankind to lay down the sword. While the conference goes on, war clouds are gathering around Lithuania and Poland. Nationalism flames high and the will to peace is weakened by the will to power. Few of the great powers believe in the sincerity of each other's efforts to secure disarmament. One group of nations wants security first and disarmament next, another group wants disarmament as a condition of security. This constitutes an empasse which Eduard Benes of Jugo Slavia is seeking to overcome, together with the other diplomats of Europe.

**The Month**

But while the great powers preach about the benefits and joys of peace, they continue to prepare for war, perhaps on a larger scale than ever before. They are building larger navies and more powerful armies. This situation naturally breeds the germs of war. In the nature of things, an armed world will ere long come to the point where it will use those arms. To nations armies and navies are organized for use just as the hands of the body are developed for use. One can no more expect nations with armies and navies of great magnitude to refuse to use those armies and navies for aggressive purposes which will result in war, than can one expect one not to use his hands in selfish efforts.

The most sensational development of the conference was the call of Russia for absolute disarmament. It was greeted with amazement and cynical mirth. None of the diplomats took Litvinoff seriously. They regarded it as pure propaganda, for no nation is now thinking seriously of scrapping its fighting forces, not even Soviet Russia.

It is expected that when Mussolini arrives at the Conference he will brandish, in grandiloquent manner, his sword to the world, proclaiming the glories of the Caesars, the mantle of whom he believes himself to have fallen heir. As a result of the militaristic nationalism of Italy, strained relations are rapidly developing between her and France. Meanwhile, Germany is adroitly but firmly becoming more self-assertive, assuming the rôle of a sort of tolerant observer of the martial plays bandied between the nations.

America views the entire conference with aloofness, afraid to commit herself to any general and definite policy of peace and disarmament. Our own army and navy have magnitude far beyond that which is essential to a country seeking the ways of peace.

In the United States the nominations for the Presidency of various candidates hold the center of the stage. Hoover, Hughes, Lowden, Dawes, Butler and Borah are being groomed for the toga of Coolidge, while Coolidge sits tight upon the machine with his subtle gesture to the country: "I do not choose to run." Nobody seems to know what this means. And Mr. Coolidge is disinclined, apparently, to decipher its meaning.

Among the Democrats, Gov. Alfred E. Smith easily holds the lead for the nomination, although Reed, Ritchie, Walsh and Robinson are mentioned in the running. The fight for the Presidency bids fair to be one of the bitterest ever staged. Rome, Rum and Rebellion will be furiously thrown into the melee to prejudice public opinion against Smith, but it is apparent that Smith will loom as a colossal figure which will merit the best mettle of the Republican warriors.

Of not less significance is the fight to seat Senators-elect Vare and Smith. Much talk is running the gamut of inquiring into the constitutional justifiability of the representation of the South. Through Glass, the South snaps back with fury and hate, even threatening to take up arms against any attempt of Republicans to limit its representation as a penalty for challenging the corruption of the election of Vare and Smith. Out of this the Negro may profit, incidentally. Republican North does not love the Negro, but it is playing the strategy of holding the threat of the enforcement of the 14th Amendment over the head of the South in order to frighten the South away from holding up the seating of Vare and Smith.

PERHAPS the most significant gathering ever assembled in Harlem was the Negro Labor Conference, December 2nd. Though the weather was extremely inclement, the Urban League's auditorium was filled to its capacity, with Harlem's most outstanding people. Leaders from every section of Negro opinion were present, and they talked freely and enthusiastically about the merits of the aims and objects of the movement to organize the Pullman porters. The Church, Press, Social Service, Education, Law, Politics, Medicine and Labor were prominently represented.

**"The Negro Labor Conference"**

White liberals, leaders in workers' education and organized labor, spoke eloquently of the fundamental import and promise of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. The addresses delivered by white and colored speakers were of the highest reaches and quality of content and form. Discussions and questions followed each address.

The agenda covered a broad field. The Negro and Education, by Miss Layle Lane, Teacher; Workers' Education, by Prof. Algernon Lee, Director of the Rand School of Social Science; Employers and the Negro Worker, by Mr. Ira DeA. Reid, Industrial Secretary of the New York Urban League;

(*Continued on page* 21)

# Business & Industry

Compiled by GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Frederick Massiah, Negro engineer and contractor of Philadelphia, Pa., recently broke all records for reinforced concrete work by constructing the concrete skeleton of the first unit of a $10,000,000 apartment building at 63rd and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, in the record time of sixty-nine working days. The structure is 262 feet by 148 feet. Thirty-eight carloads of material were used each week, 250 men were employed and 700 tons of steel were used. Mr. Massiah has constructed many huge buildings in the City of Brotherly Love. *Evidently Negroes are not restricted to pulling teeth, prescribing pills, teaching school and embalming corpses for a livelihood.*

The General Market House Company of Chicago, Ill., has agreed to employ Negro girls in each of its twenty meat markets in the Ethiopian District of the Windy City. *This will meet a great need.*

Dr. J. A. Somerville, an eminent Tooth and Tong man of Los Angeles, is to erect a three-story brick apartment building in the City of Angels, at a cost of $100,000. It will be the last whisper in modernity. *That's the way to solve our housing problem.*

P. Sylvester Sampson, for 25 years a prominent and successful contractor and builder in Pittsburgh, Pa., has moved to Los Angeles, Calif., where he will carry on his work. He has constructed scores of costly residences in the Smoky City.

Negro business men in Columbus, Ohio, recently formed an association for intensive and extensive commercial expansion. A big publicity campaign is planned. *This ought to be done everywhere. We need to pay about ten times more attention to where and how we cast our economic ballot—the dollar bill.*

Americanism moves apace. Judge Burns of the Federal Court in New Orleans, La., has issued a *permanent* injunction against the unionized Negro longshoremen which prohibits the members from interfering in any manner with the scab stevedores working on the waterfront. *The union has not contested the injunction, probably feeling that the scabs will join the union when a few of them get crushed and maimed by boxes and bales.*

The Victory Life Insurance Company of Chicago, Ill., has recently been licensed to operate in the state of Michigan. In 1927 it entered four states with very stringent requirements: New York, Indiana, Virginia and Michigan. It has a capital of $200,000, assets of $500,000, business of $10,000,000, has 10,000 policy-holders, has fifteen branch offices, operates in 12 states and employs over 500 persons. *Lothrop Stoddard and Madison Grant please copy.*

The Century Life Insurance Company of Little Rock, Ark., recently celebrated its first anniversary. The company is operating in Arkansas, Oklahoma and Mississippi. A. E. Bush is president.

The Citizens' Realty and Investment Company has been organized in New Orleans, La., with a capital stock of $25,000. It purposes to buy, build, sell and rent houses. The company has already erected a number of residences at Gulfside, Miss., a suburb. R. L. Johnson is president. *Good! We need more practicing and less preaching.*

On Friday, December 2nd, a Negro labor conference was held in New York City, under the auspices of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, to awaken community interest in the problems of labor as they affect the Negro. Prominent whites and blacks attended and spoke. A. Philip Randolph, General Organizer of the Brotherhood, presided.

According to Prof. W. G. Pearson, Aframerican capitalist of Durham, N. C., the Negroes of his state have invested $6,000,000 in white building and loan societies in the state, or $6 for each Negro man, woman and child. There are seven Negro building and loan associations in the state in which enterprising Ethiops have invested $696,000, or over $500 per member.

The Philadelphia Tribune, prominent Aframerican journal published in the alleged Sleepy Town, recently celebrated its 43rd anniversary, on the occasion of which it brought out a four-page rotogravure section in addition to its regular issue. E. Washington Rhodes is its dynamic editor.

The Buffington Tailoring Company, the big Memphis concern, recently made a drive for orders in the Oklahoma territory. The drive was very successful and the salesmen returned "with bundles of orders." *That's right! We insist upon having Negro preachers, why not insist on Negro tailors? And grocers? And butchers, etc.?*

Negroes in Orlando, Fla., have launched the Agents' National Insurance Company with reputed capital of $100,000. *Florida Negroes certainly need life insurance.*

According to Mrs. Myrtle F. Cook of St. Louis, Mo., who recently made a tour of the Oklahoma oil country in the interest of the People's Finance Corporation, the big Negro oil magnates of Oklahoma are not wasting their money but investing it in liberty bonds and real estate. *Oil's well that ends well.*

Bert M. Roddy, energetic and intelligent Field Secretary of the National Negro Business League, Negroes in these United States spend $4,500,000,000 annually, but less than $20,000,000 is spent with Negro business concerns. *This is the principal reason why Negro youths find so few positions open to them when they bounce out of college thirsting for a livelihood.*

According to the U. S. Civil Service Commission, fat jobs are now open for brainy samboes at the jim crow Veterans' Hospital at Tuskegee, Ala. Applications for the positions will be open until January 7, 1928. Laboratorians are wanted and the salaries range from $1,500 to $2,400. Write to Sec'y, 5th U. S. Civil Service Dist., Post Office, Atlanta, Ga.

The American Woodmen, a Negro fraternal organization, has authorized its representative in St. Louis, Mr. James T. Bush, to invest $200,000 in the rehabilitation of the area recently devastated by the storm there. This will make $600,000 that the American Woodmen have invested in St. Louis in the past five years in the erection of good homes for Negroes. *Here is a fraternal organization really benefitting the race.*

A group of Negro business men are working quietly to secure a charter for a new insurance company to be known as The Harlem Life Insurance Company. *New York is waking up, folks.*

The Plaza Hotel, a Negro hostelry, recently opened its doors in Columbus, Ohio. It is steam heated and has all modern improvements. Dr. L. L. Jones is the promoter.

A new hotel for Negroes is to be opened in Chicago. It is located at 3537 Indiana Avenue, and is said to be very up-to-date.

Miss Carlotta Grant has opened an exclusive French millinery shop at 2354 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. The shop is exquisitely furnished and specializes in made-to-order hats.

W. G. Price, a New York Negro who has made a specialty of furnishing and erecting portable booths for fairs, bazaars and festivals, recently bought a building in Brooklyn for $55,000. The building has 15,000 square feet of floor space.

J. B. Keim, one of the largest plantation owners and cotton farmers in the Palo Verde Valley of California, recently appointed John H. Owens, a Negro, supervisor of all his field hands, Mexicans, Indians, Negroes and Caucasians. Owens is highly respected by all.

On Sunday, November 13th, the Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio, carried a two-page spread showing the remarkable progress of the Long Street business center, where the majority of the enterprises are owned and controlled by Negroes.

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Mr. George S. Schuyler,
2305 Seventh Avenue
New York City.

My dear Mr. Schuyler:

I wish to express my appreciation of the honorable recognition given me in the December issue of THE MESSENGER.

Thanking you, I remain

Very cordially yours,

GEORGE E. HAYNES,
*Secretary.*

November 22, 1927.

# THE BROTHERHOOD OF SLEEPING CAR PORTERS

## ACTIVITIES OF THE MONTH

### LOS ANGELES DISTRICT

GEO. S. GRANT, *Organizer*
Headquarters: 1315 East 12th Street

The Women's Economic Council of the Los Angeles District have begun a drive for the purpose of securing more members to assist the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. This Council, which numbers now more than eighty women, are trying to make their membership roll near the two hundred mark by the first of the year. Much valuable assistance is rendered by these women assisting the Brotherhood's work, several committees being actively engaged in various programmes calculated to help put over the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

The men of the Los Angeles district held three Membership meetings, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, November 28, 29 and 30, at which meetings much enthusiasm was expressed and much satisfaction over the news that the Interstate Commerce Commission had denied the Pullman Company's motion to dismiss the Brotherhood action. The Brotherhood and the Economic Council are planning a joint dance to be given sometime during the Christmas holidays which is going to be a grand affair.

### BOSTON DISTRICT

S. M. TAYLOR, *Sec'y-Treas.*
Headquarters: 922 Tremont Street

The members of the Brotherhood had a meeting at 980 Tremont Street. After the reading of the letters and telegrams from our general organizer, Mr. A. Philip Randolph, the men were full of enthusiasm and stated that they will never give up until victory is won.

The ladies held a meeting and elected a new set of officers. Through the leadership of the new president, who is enthusiastic and powerful, we feel sure they will be of great help to the Brotherhood. The president and other members are making a house to house canvass in order to persuade the wives to encourage their husbands to pay their dues and assessment.

The intimidation here is dying out and the men are taking on fresh courage. We are working hard here for success.

### THE WOMEN'S ECONOMIC COUNCIL OF LOS ANGELES

By MATTIE MAE STAFFORD

The Women's Economic Council finished plans for a whist tournament to be given Thursday evening, December 8th, and a drama to be staged early in the spring. A committee from the Brotherhood met the Council Monday evening, November 21st, to perfect plans for a joint entertainment. A motion carried to have a dance. This bids fair to be one of the biggest social treats of the Yuletide season. The women of Los Angeles ask their sisters of other sections to cooperate with them in putting over this splendid program outlined by our General Organizer, A. Philip Randolph. Woman's part in the consummation of any work that tends to elevate mankind is of grave importance. No people need ever despair whose women stand ready and willing to lend assistance for mental, moral and social elevation. It is a great privilege to be able to make a contribution to civilization. Though the world is large it needs our individual contributions to all that is tangible, and there is a part for the humblest to play. Genuine uplift is a matter of slow cultivation. Other races exercise patience and make untold sacrifices for racial development and to make history that will stand as monuments in years to come. One hundred thousand workmen carried stone for twenty years to build the Pyramids. Let us keep this motto ever before us: "This work must glow, and go, and grow, and I must help to make it so."

### SAINT PAUL (MINN.) DISTRICT

PAUL CALDWELL, *Sec'y-Treas.*
Headquarters: 362 Dale Street, St. Paul

We are glad to report that the men are rallying to the headquarters, and are visiting regularly, paying dues better, and generally showing the wisdom of having a place in which to talk Brotherhood affairs.

A number of foreign brothers have dropped in and found a hearty welcome. We hope to have more as the location becomes better advertised.

We held meetings daily during the last ten days of October, and heard a number of speakers on many subjects of educational value.

The Colored Women's Pioneer Economic Council of St. Paul, having visited our headquarters and having found them satisfactory, has agreed to hold its bimonthly meetings there.

With community fund drive in the Twin Cities, just closed, we gained widespread publicity by contributing in the name of The Brotherhood $223 to St. Paul and $500.50 to Minneapolis. The next nearest competitor of any organization was $40 from the Elks in Minneapolis.

All our secret affairs are being daily discussed, and the men are fast learning that the business of the Brotherhood is discussed ONLY at the headquarters.

We have doubled our order for THE MESSENGER and sales are growing better daily. Some of the most loyal men are subscribing.

### NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT

MRS. ONEIDA M. BROWN, *Secretary*
Headquarters: 303 Pythian Temple

The Pullman office in our district issued a petition compelling the men, under threats of losing their jobs, to sign same. The men in my district are very, very loyal and before signing came to the office to ask my advice. The petition had a tendency to sway men who are not members of the Brotherhood and to whom I had written several letters urging them to connect themselves with our organization, to come to the office and in that way we were able to write up quite a few. The petition helped the Brotherhood.

The encouraging letters from Headquarters and the co-operation which the men of this section are giving us, make us very hopeful. We feel certain that if we could induce one of the representatives to come here and hold a meeting that our problem would be solved. There are still a large number of men who are not interested, or who have not made up their minds to join the organization, men of family who are just barely making enough money to keep themselves going properly, yet they hesitate. Mr. Randolph could be of great assistance in convincing them that they are standing in their own light. The deplorable thing about our district is that a large number of men have short runs and do not know what the Brotherhood stands for, they are afraid to inquire for fear someone might think they belong to the organization. The Pullman company holds a big stick over the heads of these men and we are bending all our energy towards meeting them and educating them, it is this class of people that a mass meeting by one of the representatives would benefit. We sincerely trust that before Christmas we will have such a meeting.

### CHICAGO DISTRICT

M. P. WEBSTER, *Organizer*
GEORGE CLARK, *Secretary-Treasurer*
Headquarters: 224 East Pershing Road

SIDELIGHTS ON THE BROTHERHOOD'S CHICAGO MASS MEETING

Over eighteen hundred people from all walks of life attended the meeting. Among those present were noted Mrs. Irene Goins, prominent club woman; Dr. Wesley, popular K. of P. official; Rev. J. Wesley Burton, formerly of Lincoln Memorial Congregational Church; Attorney Robert T. Terry, assistant city prosecutor, and Dr. Roscoe Giles of the Metropolitan Community Church Sunday Evening Club.

* * *

"Prof. Botts," of the Pullman Porter Messenger, occupied a front seat with his little red book—evidently he decided not to use it.

* * *

Mrs. Irene Goins, in looking over the audience from the platform, complimented it as being one of finest that she had ever seen.

* * *

Among prominent "Pullman Officials" present were numbered Mr. Witt, and a "note taker." Mr. "Ike" Smith, Mr. "Jim" Carr, Mr. Joe Brown, of the district where Pullman Porters are slugged. One, Mr. Calloway, who hates to hear the pigeons talked about, and the eminent Mr. Botts, pigeon generalissimo and "Stool extraordinary and plenipotentiary." Last, but not least, two women "pigeon" stenographers, who took notes on their cuffs in the rear of the church behind a post.

* * *

The "scholarly" and "intellectual" Mr. Boggs, of "18 cents per hour overtime fame," favored the meeting with his "psychological" and "gracious" presence.

* * *

It is remarkable what an interest was shown by the "Officials" in a movement which they all claim was "through."

The only vacant seats noted were those reserved for the Negro Press Reporters.

* * *

Dr. Cook, of the Metropolitan Church, says it was a most magnificent gathering.

* * *

A special invitation was sent to all of the Colored Political office holders in Chicago. Not one was noted among those present. Maybe they have forgotten that Pullman Porters and their friends and families cast one vote each.

* * *

Some "mysterious power" put forth some strenuous efforts to keep the meeting from being held. The Public will learn more about this later.

* * *

Men from many districts were represented at the meeting, including Kansas City, Oklahoma City, Omaha, New York, Pittsburgh, St. Paul, Oakland, Seattle and Los Angeles.

* * *

Among those present were Mr. Chandler Owen, who wrote a splendid article on the Brotherhood that appeared in the Chicago *Daily News* a few days before the Mass Meeting was held.

* * *

"Prof. Botts" lost his sarcastic smile long before the meeting ended.

* * *

Miss Mary McDowell, a staunch friend of the Brotherhood, never misses a mass meeting.

* * *

Attorney C. Francis Stradford, president Cook County Bar Association, delivered a most scholarly address and has endeared himself in the hearts of the Brotherhood men. The ladies were unusually well pleased with him.

* * *

The large attendance at this meeting and the interest displayed in the subjects discussed, plainly shows that the Negro worker is thinking for himself and the fact that this meeting could not be "stopped" clearly demonstrates that Negroes can produce leadership which cannot be bought.

* * *

Long live the Brotherhood principals!

### Notes on the Brotherhood

Brotherhood spirit is still going strong in Chicago. The meetings are unusually well attended.

* * *

Out-of-town Brotherhood men are urged by the Chicago members to attend the Metropolitan Community Church, 4100 So. Parkway. Dr. W. D. Cook, its pastor, has been a staunch supporter of the Brotherhood since its beginning. His attitude toward the "Powers" who made a desperate attempt to stop our mass meeting of October 30th, is the best evidence of his integrity and good faith—not only toward brotherhood men—but toward the race as a whole. The men in Chicago feel that Dr. Cook is entitled to our whole-hearted support and urge out-of-town men to co-operate with us in giving it to him.

* * *

The Chicago membership is still on the increase. It is noticeable that more maids are joining now than ever.

* * *

Members in Chicago turned a cold shoulder to the "Yellow Dog" loyalty petition. Very few men signed it. Reports say that many of the signatures on the petition are in the same handwriting.

* * *

Superintendents, particularly Maddy and Gibney, are unusually hard-boiled, but we believe the Brotherhood has the cure of these hard eggs, and that it will soon be applied.

* * *

Ladies Auxiliary gave a whist party at the headquarters, November 26, 1927. There were 15 tables of whist. The list of prizes given included such useful articles as a scrubbing brush, 10 lbs. of sugar and a whole ham.

* * *

After the card party the guests enjoyed dancing to the music of the Brotherhood's "steam piano." The social functions are getting more popular. Out-of-town men are always welcome.

* * *

The "Communication" sent out from Kansas City over the printed signatures of D. G. Emory, E. D. Houston, A. S. Fulcher, W. Jarrett, E. M. Dickerson, W. Abraham, W. Rice, and W. L. Jones, caused quite a bit of amusement when read in the meetings held in Chicago Headquarters. The men can't see

how Pullman Porters will allow themselves to be placed in such a ridiculous light. These well-meaning porters making an attempt to advise Brotherhood men on the law in regard to adjusting their wage and working condition dispute. The conscientious opinion among the Chicago members is: that the Pullman Porters are far better advised on the law by expert lawyers, such as Donald R. Richberg (who wrote the Railway Labor Act) and Henry T. Hund than by eight Pullman Porters, who know absolutely nothing about law and do not even get enough sleep.

* * *

A resolution was unanimously passed, to follow the Brotherhood to victory, and to forget about the Employees Plan of Representation, and all of its incidental hypocrisy.

* * *

The P. P. B. A. Convention, held in Chicago, proved very uninteresting to a large number of the porters. With the exception of "wining and dining," and banqueting of delegates and a few crude attempts to knock the Brotherhood, there doesn't seem to have been anything else accomplished.

* * *

The big mass meeting was held at the "Y" as usual, and the "outside interest" came in for its share of criticism. Pullman officials, however, were very careful in selecting the language used by them in their talks. We did not hear anything like President Carey's little "Porters stories," that was told here a year or so ago.

* * *

There are rumors of another wage conference. Chicago men are prepared to follow the Brotherhood's instructions and turn down any attempt to put over another wage conference.

* * *

The news of the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission was very joyfully received by a large meeting that was being carried on at the headquarters, when the telegram was received from the General Organizer. It has created a widespread interest and even "stool pigeons" are quietly rooting for the Brotherhood's success.

* * *

The Chicago *Defender* unconditionally surrendered to the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Unfortunately, the Chicago *Defender* and its editor, Mr. Abbott, learned about the Brotherhood a year or two too late to regain the confidence that Chicago Pullman Porters once had in this paper and its editor. Many attempts have been made by Chicago men to interest Mr. Abbott in this cause, but without avail. However, the men feel that it is better to come in late than never, but it is a human characteristic for everyone to be with a movement when success is in sight, but its real friends were the ones who were with it in its early struggles.

* * *

The Chicago *Defender* has been manifestly unfair to Chicago men and Pullman Porters in general. On account of its attitude toward the Brotherhood, the men are inclined to look upon the sudden changed attitude of the "World's Greatest Weekly" with some degree of suspicion.

* * *

Special invitations were always sent to the Chicago *Defender* when mass meetings were held here, and it was always conspicuous by its absence, and Chicago men cannot accept the excuse that Mr. Abbott and his official staff did not know that the *Defender* was opposing the Brotherhood, and think that it is rather peculiar that such a sudden change was made.

## The Chicago Whip "Squawks"

This journal, through its brilliant editor, Mr. Bibb, complains through one of its popular columns that Brotherhood leaders are "intolerant," that they are making "enemies" out of "institutions" and the "men" that we are so bitterly against. This is rather a peculiar "howl" to come from the Whip and Mr. Bibb. He probably has forgotten some of his "strong editorials" carried in this paper about the Brotherhood, and particularly the respects that he paid to some of us through the "Crack of the Whip" column. Mr. Bibb, most likely, has also forgotten the little incident that happened a year ago, last August—officially known as the case of the People of the State of Illinois, against A. Philip Randolph and Chandler Owens—in which he played the role of second fiddle to the prosecuting attorney, and the remarks of Judge Gemmil, when he threw this "well prepared case" out of court.

The Brotherhood seeks no sympathy now, any more so than they did originally. If Mr. Bibb, still thinks he has a case against the Brotherhood, we will furnish him with an audience—like we had October 30th—and give him an opportunity to let the people know how much he knows about the Brotherhood and its leaders, whom he has so severely criticized, without presenting one scintilla of fact to back up his arguments. "Yes," the "Whip and its Crack" has lost its sting, and it is now playing the cry-baby act.

## Heebie Jeebies

The little Heebie Editor, in his usual boyish manner, continues to "stick out his tongue" and "make faces" and call us "nasty names."

We couldn't expect any more of a Heebie Editor. As the prize joke of 35th street Journalism, the Brotherhood extends to him a vote of thanks for his successful efforts in being able to make us laugh. This little "Heebie" Editor can always be depended upon to furnish the joke. One Mr. Prattis, a gentleman small in statue, but "big in mind" is the one who we are told "fronts" as "Heebie" editor-in-chief.

* * *

Sidelights on Chicago's big mass meeting.

## ST. LOUIS DISTRICT

E. J. BRADLEY, *Local Organizer, Secy.-Treas.*
Room 208, Peoples Bldg.

The Brotherhood spirit is aflame here over the stand taken by the Interstate Commerce Commission, in their refusal to dismiss the case at the request of the Pullman Co., the matter of whom is the most powerful, the Pullman Co. or the Interstate Commerce Commission has been decided. The Commission will hear the case in Oral Argument at a date to be fixed later. This is inspiring the porters to get in line with the Brotherhood. They have begun to look upon the Brotherhood as a great saviour, and are rallying to every call of the officers in a very loyal manner. While the St. Louis District has been handicapped more than any other district, due to its having more "uncle-toms" and "snitches" than any other district, it is rapidly coming to the front as a regular union district.

* * *

The dance given by the Citizens' committee was a huge success, which is due largely to the untiring efforts of one of the most persistent workers of the city, Miss Ruth Harris. She worked day and night to make the affair what it was. Many tickets were bought by people who do not dance, just to assist, and encourage Miss Harris and her co-workers in the splendid work they were doing for our group. The writer herein commends the citizens committee for their splendid spirit, determination, and the wonderful success of their first attempt to do something in a large way for the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters' Union.

* * *

The "stool-pigeons" were on the job with their "masters'" petition, on the 15th of November, and the porters were told that while it was not compulsory that they sign, it would be much better for them if they did sign, for if they refused to sign the petition it would show that they were NOT LOYAL to their employer and could not expect to be kept in service. So they all signed and immediately made affidavits attested before a notary public, stating that they were compelled to sign to protect their jobs. The porters realize that the fight is on in earnest now, and they are determined to die fighting for their freedom.

## NEW YORK DISTRICT

National Headquarters
2311 Seventh Avenue

Several successful meetings were held during the month and the continued support of the members is very encouraging.

* * *

On December 9th a very brilliant and successful grand ball was held at the Manhattan Casino. Thousands were present and, needless to say, the dance was a great financial success.

* * *

On December 2nd the Brotherhood sponsored a Negro Labor Conference in New York City at which many notable leaders of both races discussed the economic status of the race in general and the Pullman Porters in particular. A committee was formed to co-operate with other committees to be formed in important cities throughout the country at other Negro labor conferences. These committees will carry forth the Brotherhood's effort to create an emergency necessary to cause the Government to act in the controversy between the Pullman Company and the Porters, represented by their own union, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

* * *

The Interstate Commerce Commission has turned down the pleas of The Pullman Company to dismiss the suit brought by the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, and has ordered the Company and the Brotherhood to send their legal representatives in Washington on January 11, 1928, to argue their respective sides of the case. It is apparent that victory is near for the Pullman Porters, but victory is impossible unless the porters furnish the money to push the fight forward. This can only be done by payment of dues and assessments. Do your bit!

* * *

Mr. W. H. Des Verney, Assistant General Organizer, is campaigning in the interest of the Brotherhood in Washington, D. C.

* * *

Mr. Ashley Totten, Assistant General Organizer, is on the job for the boys in Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

Subscribe for THE MESSENGER. It gives the official and true account of the progress of the Pullman Porters. $1 until January 15th, 1928. After that $1.50 a year. So subscribe now without delay.

## JACKSONVILLE DISTRICT

J. W. DARBY, *Sec'y-Treas.*
2029 David Street

The members of the district are going through some of the worst sort of intimidation ever perpetrated by the Pullman Company. Everywhere they are being threatened by the superintendent and the stool pigeons. This district has been visited constantly by the Negro agents, who are holding frequent meetings where the chief sport seems to be damning the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. One, Webb, from Chicago, was here around the first of November for three days. Then came W. K. Banks the following week, holding meetings and warning the men against the Brotherhood. There was a big meeting held here on the 22nd of the month of November by the superintendent and the stool pigeons. I was told that they came out plain and said that the Brotherhood had to be broken up here in Jacksonville, and one of the stool pigeons said that he was going to break it up. Ha! Ha! What do you think of that?

* * *

Despite all of this, there are still plenty of real men in the district. No trains have been put on during this season as usual and the men have no work to do. And those men who are on regular runs are hauling very few passengers.

* * *

There is great promise for the future, though more than one hundred men have nothing to do and are waiting for the winter trains to be put on. The men are showing great faith and said that they mean to do the right thing when they get some money.

* * *

W. H. Mitchell, the porter-instructor, went back on the road the first of December. That was the only thing for him to do.

* * *

Mr. A. Philip Randolph, the General Organizer, was prevented from coming here by the threat of the Mayor that he would put Randolph and everybody else in jail if a meeting was held. This shows how the forces of the opposition are working together.

* * *

Subscribe to THE MESSENGER and get the real news of the porters' struggle.

## OMAHA (NEB.) DISTRICT

BENNIE SMITH, *Organizer*
2522 Patrick Avenue

The inspiration among the men in this district runs very high, although there are quite a few drones here as elsewhere who are waiting for someone else to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them.

* * *

Brother Smith is preaching the doctrine of true unionism from morning until night and working toward 100 per cent membership.

* * *

The Pullman Company has out a Yellow Dog Petition which is being circulated among the men, a few of whom have been foolish enough to sign it and then weeping afterwards. A lot more are passing it by like a passenger train passes a tramp, and like all real men should do. This is highly appreciated and praiseworthy.

* * *

We realize that the fight for the freedom of Labor has reached its most critical stage and this fact should encourage each and every Brotherhood man to stand fast and render all available support to carry this most creditable fight to a finish. We have all to gain and nothing to lose.

* * *

Our membership is increasing every week and it is hoped that in a few weeks every porter in the district will be connected with the Brotherhood. The members in the district feel that the "Brotherhood Activities" in THE MESSENGER each month are very educational, entertaining and stimulating.

* * *

Subscribe for THE MESSENGER. $1 a year until January 15th. After that $1.50.

* * *

In regard to the Yellow Dog Petition, it is interesting to note that in its desperation the Company is sending some of its stool pigeons to men's houses at 7:30 in the morning with the petition and arguing with men's wives to persuade the husbands to sign. Refusing to sign often means that the porter will find his name posted for some mythical infraction of rules and he will not be allowed to see the superintendent until he has been informed by the night clerk or some assistant that if he signs the petition the "Old Man" will make it easy for him, but he is always informed that this is friendly advice and that he is to tell no one. It is merely a bribe to commit suicide. The men are looking to the General Organizer and hoping that he will find some way out of the dilemma, as the children of Israel looked to Moses. It is hard for them to understand why such slavery should exist in a supposed age of freedom. Even the stool pigeons are hoping for some results from the Brotherhood, but are afraid to work to bring victory about. Despite all of this intimida-

tion, a number of men have paid dues up to July, 1928. This is the type of man that refuses to be enslaved.

**HERE IS THE YELLOW DOG PETITION FROM THE OMAHA DISTRICT:**

**Petition**

**At a meeting of porters of the Omaha District held October 26, 1927, the following committee was appointed to draw up a resolution. The following resolution was made:**

**Committee**

| | |
|---|---|
| **A. Stuart** | **A. L. Bowler** |
| **A. Washington** | **W. R. Esteel** |
| **J. Vonner** | **C. Carey** |
| **W. H. Green** | **G. W. Allhouse** |
| **R. Williams** | **S. G. Foster** |
| **A. W. Reynolds** | **J. T. Saunders** |

**Be It Resolved:**

**It has been brought to our attention that there is being put in many of the influential daily papers, statements to the effect that Pullman Porters are dissatisfied with their present working conditions and the tipping system of porters by passengers for special services rendered to said passengers, these reports being based on utterances and published statements of an outside organization purporting to represent the majority of the porters employed by the Pullman Company.**

**We, the undersigned porters of the Omaha District, of our own free will and desire, do state that we are not in sympathy with this movement and feel that the actions and utterances of those in charge of this outside organization are proving very detrimental to the best interests of the porters themselves and these statements are proving very harmful to us, that passengers are accepting these publications as reflecting our attitude and refraining from giving gratuity for the special services performed by the porters.**

**We, therefore, feel we should make a protest against the actions of this organization which is hurting us financially, and that we hereby renounce such organization and prefer to deal with the Pullman Company through the Plan of Employee Representation,**

**And the above committee is authorized to deliver this resolution with our signatures to the management and assure them of our loyalty.**

## In Memoriam

**The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters pauses in its struggle for right and justice to mourn the passing of two of its stauncnest members:**

## James C. Clarke

**2492 Seventh Avenue**
**New York City**
**Who Died**
**Saturday, December 10**
**and**

## C. R. Major

**306 West 144th Street**
**New York City**
**Who Died**
**Sunday, December 11**

**Loyal Brothers!**
**May they rest in peace.**

# BROTHERHOOD MEN

Dear Brethren—We are swiftly moving toward a decisive stage in the struggle of the Brotherhood. Your dauntless and uncompromising spirit has leveled all opposition before you. Even the Pullman Company will soon see the inevitability of recognizing and dealing with the Brotherhood. But, let us not deceive ourselves, the Company is going to fight us to the bitter end. It is not going to surrender easily. You have got to make it surrender. The white railway employees were compelled to make the railway companies surrender. The companies fought them bitterly and viciously. They, too, were fired for their union activities. They sacrificed, they suffered, but they stuck and they won.

You will win, too, and you must sacrifice and suffer, too. Nothing worth having is easily secured. Successes that are permanent are not won over night. Big movements must necessarily go slowly but, when just and right, surely.

It is essential at all times that you remember that victory lies in your own hands. You alone can win. Nobody else can win your fight for you, and nobody else ought to win your fight for you. If anybody else achieved victory for you, you would not appreciate it, you could not fully appreciate it. Just as the engineers, firemen, conductors, trainmen and Pullman conductors built up their own organization, so you must build up yours, and you must pay for the maintenance of your own organization, otherwise you could not control it and you could not trust it. It is still true that he who pays the fiddler will call the tune. Always remember this, brethren. The Pullman Company understands this, that is why it pays for the Employees' Representation Plan. You can not trust the plan because you do not pay for its maintenance. The engineers will not permit the railway companies to pay their leaders or maintain their union, because if they did the companies would run the union and dictate to the leaders; yes, control them, and the leaders could not and would not represent the engineers. This is common sense, but it is unfortunate that some of our brothers have not realized it yet.

Now, let us rejoice and be glad! The Interstate Commerce Commission has set January the 11th as the date when the Pullman Company must face the Brotherhood and argue the question of jurisdiction of the Commission over our petition, requesting the Commission to investigate the rates, wages, tips of the Company. The Company, desperate, sought to block the investigation by introducing a motion to set our petition aside, but the Commission turned down the motion of the Company. This was a signal victory. It shows that the Company with all its millions does not control and own everything. It must answer to the call of the Commission because the Commission has mandatory powers over the Company.

However, the Brotherhood is not depending upon the Commission alone. If the Brotherhood does not secure the proper relief from the Commission, it has a program which is certain of victor if every Brotherhood man stands fast, recognizes his duty and does it. We are determined to go to the limit, the extreme limit in order to win a complete victory. If the Company should give you two hundred dollars a month and the two hundred and forty hour work month, that would only cause us to fight with greater and more determined vigor for our supreme aim, namely, the recognition of the Brotherhood as the only agency for the makng of agreements with the Company on wages, rules and working conditions. Therefore, let it be known to the brothers that the Brotherhood shall never stop short of recognition, decent wages and the two hundred and forty hour work month, and the Company will grant it. Of course, it is going to hold out as long as possible. That is natural. But let us never waver, never retreat, never show the yellow streak, never whine, whimper or cry, never cringe, cower or crawl; but let us always stand erect with our heads unbowed, in the supreme majesty of our might, truth and justice. You are on trial. The whole race is on trial. The eyes of the world are watching you. You cannot fail, you must not fail, you will not fail.

Let me urge you to pay your dues and subscription and attend the meetings. Your organization is sound, safe, stable and secure, and, above all, it is NOT FOR SALE. Long live the Brotherhood. Forward to victory! Your faithful servant,

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH.


## PULLMAN PORTERS ATTENTION!

**Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters**
**Emergency and Welfare**
**Fund Campaign**

By this time you have received your gift book in connection with our Campaign. We are counting upon your fullest support to make our drive a big success. Our many friends will help.

Start your book today and when you have finished, there is a beautiful and useful gift waiting for you at our Special Gift Campaign Headquarters. Members outside of New York will get their articles by express, all charges paid, satisfaction guaranteed.

Turn in funds to

**BROTHERHOOD OF SLEEPING CAR PORTERS**

**Special Campaign Headquarters**
67-69 West 125th St., Room 40
**NEW YORK, N. Y.**


Dear Mr. Schuyler:

Thanks a lot for the space you have given in the December MESSENGER to the work of the Harlem Tuberculosis & Health Committee. It is just this kind of co-operation that has helped our work serve the Community better.

Very truly yours,

MABEL D. KEATON, R. N.
*Executive Secretary.*

November 23, 1927.

# MY RED RAG

Reviewed by THEOPHILUS LEWIS

*The Field God and In Abraham's Bosom, by Paul Green. Robert M. McBride & Company, New York. Price* $2.00.

The Paul Green menace increases. He has conquered the experimental theatres and consolidated his successes behind him and now his vanguard has established contact with Broadway. It is an event I am sorry to see for Mr. Green looms as an evil geni threatening the development of Negro drama. The man, I am convinced, is a third rater at best, whose growing popularity is the result of the efficient ballyhooing of Barrett H. Clark combined with the fact that his more conspicuous successes were won with plays of Negro life. Now the general run of white people are absolutely ignorant of Negro life and white critics appear to cherish wild and antinomian ideas about it. This ignorance on the part of both critics and public enables an incompetent playwright to get away with murder by the simple expedient of calling his gaucheries "Negro" plays, provided he writes about sordidness in a sentimental way and winds up his stories with a sad ending.

Now any playwright in a conspicuous place will be imitated by younger writers struggling for a hearing. It makes no difference whether his high place is the reward of merit or merely the result of persistent advertising. If Paul Green's reputation as a first rate playwright stands embryo colored authors will follow his example and we will have no end of plays imitating Paul Green's imitations of Eugene O'Neill. Already certain intellectuals and actors who played in "Abraham's Bosom" are forming a kind of Paul Green cult and already I discern his influence on the offerings of budding Negro writers. Since Negro drama is my religion just now and since I consider Mr. Green's popularity inimical to its healthy growth it requires no gift of second sight to understand why his works affect me in just about the same way a socialist flag soothes a gentleman Guernsey.

I pick up his latest volume, a McBride book containing two plays, The Field God and In Abraham's Bosom, hoping to find something wrong with it. Happily, I am not disappointed. "In Abraham's Bosom," of course, is what I said it was when I reviewed its Provincetown performance. It is two plays of The Lonesome Road series spliced together and disguised with a few extra scenes and characters. It is entirely without genuine emotional appeal and was able to hold the boards only so long as it was propped up by the Provincetown subscription list. When it moved to Broadway, where a play must at least be interesting in order to make the grade, it fizzled out in short order.

"The Field God" is a somewhat better play that barely manages to achieve mediocrity. In this play Mr. Green deals with familiar material—the life of rustic poor whites. Its best features are the vital and sturdy dialogue which enliven the early and middle scenes and its photographic duplication of the land and its fauna, but this, I hasten to add, is not drama but atmosphere. In character drawing and action, the essentials of drama, the play falls as flat as a mushroom. The characters are mere puppets and the action is entirely arbitrary.

One of Mr. Green's quaint notions is that suffering alone constitutes tragedy. This is not true. Tragedy, in its dramatic sense, is the misfortune that befalls a man as an unescapable result of his efforts to better his condition or preserve his virtue. As conspicuous examples I point to Macbeth, Hamlet, The Wild Duck and The Emperor Jones. Most of the calamities which occur in "The Field God" happen independently of the beliefs and conduct of the characters. Hence the play as a whole is artificial, illogical and unconvincing.

Although the book is no great shakes as literature it is little less than a marvel of the bookmaker's art. Next to The Lonesome Road, it has the most gorgeous cover I have ever seen. Doubtless the publishers felt that they ought to give the purchaser some value for his money.

### Following Our Program

Dear Mr. Randolph:

I was very pleased to find the little enclosed editorial in yesterday's paper relative to the very excellent fight which you are putting up for the Porters. I thought it might encourage you to some extent to know that this paper looks upon your program in this light and I, therefore, clipped it.

I am not a Porter, but have followed your program carefully from the beginning. Anything which means organizzation in our group in a legal way will always have my cooperation and support. Continue to carry on. Success must be yours.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT R. CARROLL,
Columbus, Ohio.

### Telling Facts

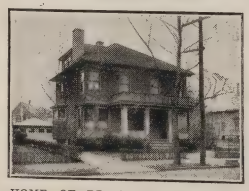
Dear Editor:

I am sending one year's subscription to your very able publication. I have read your magazine for a number of years and I feel that you are doing a great benefit to the American Negro by telling facts which otherwise would not become known. More light on dark facts of the so-called Nordics' (?) superiority should be given publicity. More power to your typewriter.

Yours sincerely,

CLAUDE DEMOND LEWIS.

# ATTRACTIVE NEGRO HOMES



HOME OF DR. T. W. GIBBS, 181 GROVE STREET, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

HOME OF DR. J. SETH HILLS, DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.

DR. WM. J. PARKS, 115 DE WITT AVENUE, ASBURY PARK, N. J.

### Negro Youth and Business

By FAITH WOODSON

Among the many accusations against the colored youth today is, that most of the men and women coming out of the colleges and institutions, want either to be doctors or school teachers. In most of the Negro business meetings we hear the men say that the youth of the race should enter business as a means of advancing the race, all of which is very well stated. Granting to the accusers that many of us do enter the two well known professions, let us consider just a few reasons why this is true.

The average Negro student works hard to put himself through college, and as a consequence, finds himself at the end of his school career literally, and truthfully financially embarrassed. Therefore, it is up to him to replenish his depleted finances. Naturally, he enters the field in which he feels that he will receive the most for his services. If he does enter some sort of business, he is so poorly paid that he gives up in disgust and becomes either a teacher or a doctor.

We agree with the older people who say that money is not the only thing to look for in one's work. Yet this is hard for the poor student who has struggled through college, to see. After being deprived of many of the ordinary things for which youth crave, it is natural that they seek the surest paths of obtaining their desires. There is a young man of my acquaintance, who finished his education at one of the large Negro institutions as an honor student. He started his life's work as an employe in a business institution, but because of poor wages, withdrew, and took charge of a white club. Now he is making as much in a week as he made in a month at his former work. Naturally he is censured by his friends for engaging in such work.

To my mind, if the Negro business men would make openings for the youth, and pay them a living wage, there would be any number of them eager to enter business. Therefore, while the youth may be more materially minded than they should be, Negro business men also lack in their duty to help their race.


# The Apex of Negro Business!

**"The Greatest Negro Business Enterprise in the World."**

The National Benefit Life Insurance Company now carries $75,000,000 worth of Insurance on the lives of more than 300,000 Negro Policyholders.

The total Assets of the company are more than $4,000,000.

The largest employed force of any Negro Business Institution, consisting of more than 200 Officials and Employees at the Home Office and its Branch Offices, 750 Supervisors, Agency Managers, and Assistant Managers.

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These figures **speak for themselves.** On this solid basis we solicit your business

**The National Benefit Life Insurance Company**
**WASHINGTON, D. C.**

**"The Company You Will Eventually Insure With"**


### The Black Man's Burden

The black man is the white man's shadow still,
Too much disposed to serve the white man's will,
To take the white man's gospel as his own,
And bear the white man's rule in every zone.

The black man owes the white man something? yes,
He owes him ages of such vast distress
That only ages of repentant love
Can square the white man, and his debt remove.

Yet little can the black man now afford
The bitter wrongs of yesterday to hoard.
The black man's burden is no wild disdain,
No rotting corpse of hatred and of pain.

The black man's burden is a present good,
To stand erect, as other men have stood,
Nor play the white man's game of power and pelf;
The black man's burden is to be himself.

To be himself, and so to quicken all,
Till no man to another man is thrall,
Till everywhere shall every race be free;
The black man's burden is that this shall be.

By ROBERT WHITAKER

### White Craves Information

Dear Sir:

My attention has been called to an article published in your November edition, entitled "Why has the Aframerican produced no creative Musical Geniuses." As a "struggling composer" may I ask for a list of String Quartettes, Symphonies and compositions of higher form which have been done by the "Distinguished Negro Composer" who wrote the article.

Thanking you in advance for this information, believe me

Very sincerely yours,
CLARENCE CAMERON WHITE.

Institute, W. Va.
Oct. 21, 1927.

(Note: We regret that we cannot divulge the information requested by Mr. White.—Editors.

# THE PULLMAN COMPANY'S GOLD "LUST" TWINS

## SHANNON AND MAYS

By FRANK R. CROSSWAITH

The "Gold Dust Twins" brand of washing powder has been made famous by the genius of modern advertising; housewives find it an invaluable and ready aid in their tedious task of keeping the home clean and sanitary; laundry workers hail it as a good dirt dispeller; the tired mechanic whose hands are grease-covered welcomes it as a true friend. The name, "Gold Dust Twins" is now a household word in our American life and the powder a necessary part of the equipment of every home. The two little unclad Negro figures so familiar now to all, are suddenly faced with rivals in the persons of R. L. Mays and George S. Shannon. However, the famous twins are in no danger of losing their popularity with the public or having their cleansing quality stolen from them by the "Gold Lust Twins" of the Pullman Company, for the Pullman porters, like the rest of the public are sometimes capable of passing judgment on the relative merits of two contenders for a place in their estimation. In the first place, every man, woman and child know that "Gold Dust Twins" powder is useful and has merits which have been tried and not found wanting. To say that their rivals have merits is to overlook the fact that both of them have once been tried by the porters and found to be NOT WANTING (after their failure) for Pullman favor, and we have heard it said, Pullman gold as well.

The original Twins, though smaller in stature than their rivals, have subdued mountains of dirt and grease, while the "Gold Lust Twins" have the unenvied reputation of bowing low, real low, to the great god mammon of which the Pullman Company is well supplied and very generous in dispensing same to anything which pretends to be able to break the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters; so from this angle also the original Twins need not have any fears. Moreover, it seems that the reputation of the "Gold Dust Twins" will not suffer from the pretended competition of the "Gold Lust Twins," but on the contrary, will derive from it greater prestige and an additional sphere of influence, for the activities of the new comers instead of cleansing dirt will be spreading it and consequently will finally require the lavish use of the original Twins. This much, however, can be said of the "Gold Hungry Twins," and by the way this is so much like the Negro, that though united in purpose and need, they act separate and divided. Of course, this can be explained on the grounds that they are each jealous of the other, and each desires to get more than the other from the Pullman Company, and it must be admitted, too, that gold is a powerful and magnetic master, especially to Negroes who look upon the unfavorable conditions of their race as a means through which to ride to poulence and ease.

These two dusty "Gold Hungry Twins" have recently been constrained to get in print against the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Shannon makes a bid for his share of Pullman gold with "The Negro in Industry" admittedly a mighty subject and an important one which happily no lilliputian can handle. By his efforts, Shannon proves that he is no exception to this well-known rule. Because of our high regard for the intellectual equipment and discriminating mental tastes of the readers of THE MESSENGER, "The Negro in Industry" will not be discussed; for to read it is to smile and then express surprise that the strong and powerful Pullman Company could be inveigled into resting its hopes of defeating the Brotherhood upon so pathetically weak a document.

The other half of the dusty, "Gold Hungry Twins" (Mays) has just broadcasted his piece under the attractive title "Randolph's Failure a Prophecy Come True." This would-be labor leader, prophet and self-styled economist and counsellor, evidently has sufficient sense to know something about advertising shady goods; hence the title of his article. Even a child knows that any document with Randolph's name printed in bold type thereon will be eagerly read by the porters and maids.

Mays says that "the final required act of the Federal Mediation Board . . . completely sustains the position I took in saying Randolph had bungled and lost the case." We submit that the last three words quoted above, *if true*, ought to be worth $1.50 to the Pullman Company; of course, if it were the opinion of some one more competent to speak than Mays, it would be worth much more, but we believe that even the Pullman Company, lately the easy victim of so many unscrupulous fellows, ought to be discerning enough to know a genuine from a fake article. Apparently the Company is wise, for in spite of May's opinion, the Company is fighting harder now than ever to defeat the Brotherhood. If Randolph has lost the case, then why worry counsellor? Mays then moves on to declare that the Pullman porters should not further be misled by "the last foolish move in petitioning the Interstate Commerce Commission." Against the bright idea of this little "Gold Hungry Negro" we would only cite the numerous editorials which have greeted the Brotherhood's efforts before the Commission. Newspapers and magazines in every section and corner of the country and Europe have expressed admiration for and praised our recent move before the I. C. C. *America*, one of the oldest Catholic weeklies in the United States, *The New York World, The New York Sun, The Detroit News, The Memphis Commercial, The Nation, The New Republic, The New York Amsterdam News, The Baltimore Sun, The New York Age, The Afro-American, The Norfolk Journal and Guide, The Pittsburgh Courier* and others have editorialized favorably on the question. Why, even a jury of morons could distinguish between the weighty and careful opinions of these editors and the empty uninformed, and greed-inspired opinion of a dusty, "Gold Hungry Negro" posing as a labor leader.

As an economist, Mays is as funny and foolish as he is in the role of a labor leader and counsellor. He says "it would be foolish to negotiate for a flat rate of $150 per month because there is no law or economic condition which can make the Company go beyond what is a just and reasonable wage." Will Mays tell us what is a just and reasonable wage and how is its justness and reasonableness determined? Does he think that "a just and reasonable wage" can be ascertained through the manifestly *unjust* and *unreasonable* method employed


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by the Pullman Company under the so-called Employee Plan of Representation? Furthermore, we would like to know what has happened to the Plan to change it from the nefarious instrument it was when this "Gold Hungry" labor leader so eloquently denounced it from the same platform with Randolph into a great instrument upon which he now advises the porters to depend for a settlement of their grievances. We assert that the Plan has not changed, *but there has been some change passed.* Where did Mays hear the argument that law and economic conditions operate to prevent the porters from securing a living wage from the Pullman Company? Our claim is that both the law, public opinion and the economic conditions of the country are on the side of the porters, and what stands against them are only a few consciousless, money-hungry Negroes who love gold more than they love the race to which they belong.

About Randolph's ignorance we would not even dignify the statement with a reply. We have never met Brother Webster, the Chicago representative of the Brotherhood, but we have had ample opportunity to observe his work and in common with his other colleagues have come to know him as a very capable man. We are therefore anxious to know how Mays stumbled on this bit of truism. Shall we look for the answer in the fact that the unlike attracts? We recall the colossal success Mays has made with the industrial pot of porridge over which he presides and which he unblushingly calls The Railway Men's International Benevolent Industrial Association, whatever that it. How many members have you Mays? and what do you tell them in order to get them into such a mess? I am told that they support you "only to honor the memory of Barnum" which is by far the most plausible reason we have yet heard for the existence of the R. M. I. B. I. A. In the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed man is king, still stands as a fundamental truth.

Mays' dribble on the Watson-Parker Law and the procedure under it is not worthy of any serious attention, for he shows his qualifications to discuss the matter when he gives us the following bit of swivel: All any company has to say to the Board or anybody is, "We do not desire to arbitrate and there is no law to make them submit to arbitration." Let Mays tell that to the conductors, the trainmen, the machinists, the firemen, the clerks and to the Pullman conductors. The railroad executives and the Management of the Pullman Company listened to the demands of these workers because they represented power through organization; which by the way, the porters now have, and a mighty one at that. Of course, we are not making any comparison between Mays' pot of porridge and the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters; we would not think of doing so anymore than we would think of arguing the relative weight of a full-fledged Mississippi Pole Cat and an equally developed African Tiger. The other railroad workers have been able to win a larger measure of life from their

(*Continued on page 22*)

## Editorials

(*Continued from page* 13)

The Negro Worker and the Church, by the Rev. William Lloyd Imes of the St. James Presbyterian Church; Fraternalism and the Negro Worker, by Mr. Hanson, Auditor of the Independent Benevolent Protective Order of Elks of the World, and Secretary of the Imperial Lodge No. 127 of New York, and Dr. Harry W. Laidler, Director, League for Industrial Democracy, who spoke on the Negro Worker and Industrial Freedom, constituted one of the most pretentious and imposing programs on social, economic and industrial problems yet presented in New York or elsewhere.

Resolutions were adopted condemning the injunction, the attitude of the I. R. T. in trying to prevent its employees from organizing a bona fide union, the company union, strike-breaking, and endorsing the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters even to the point of a strike. Similar conferences will be staged in Chicago, Boston, Kansas City, Mo., St. Louis and Washington.

**A Fact-Finding Conference**

IN Durham, during the first part of December, a conference for the purpose of inquiring into the resources of the race in every field of activity will be staged. It is significant in that it proposes to go thoroughly into the facts that hinder or advance the progress of the group. It will undoubtedly have far-reaching value. Durham steps into the lead of Negro cities in projecting this effort to investigate into the fundamentals of Negro progress today.

It is to be hoped that the conference will probe to the bone of the problems, that it will lay bare the shortcomings of the Negro with a scalpel of frank, candid and scientific criticism. We need to engage in more ruthless introspection with a view to revealing our weak points. Too long has the Negro poured ointment and the holy water of self-praise upon himself. Like the African ostrich, he has buried his head in the sand and assumed that there was no storm in the offing. He has never realized that in no field has he made the strides of progress that merit the unctuous encomiums he is wont to lavish upon himself. Now, on account of the increasing complexity and sharp destructive competition of the modern industrial and business world, as well as of other fields of activity, the Negro will be forced to revise his methodology and technique of self-appraisal in order that he may be able adequately and successfully to meet the challenging tests of the modern society.

It is our wish and hope that Durham will mark the end of the old policy of maudlin sentimentalism in measuring the worth and merit of Negro efforts, and that a keen analytical and constructive criticism which is not frightened at so-called destructive criticism, will burgeon forth with promise and force.

**The Chicago Defender**

PROBABLY the most significant change ever made in American journalism was made by the Chicago *Defender*, when in its issue of November 19th it carried an editorial definitely repudiating its former policy and allying itself on the side of the Pullman porters' fight for the right to organize, a living wage, better hours of work and improved conditions of work. In that same issue it carried a statement of the case of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters by the General Organizer. Its reversal of policy was as significant, sensational and far-reaching as the reversal of the attitude of Henry Ford's policy of opposing the Jews was.

Be it said to the credit of the Chicago *Defender* that it made its change in a royal and complete fashion, leaving no room for reservation, doubt or equivocation. Its statement on the matter was straight from the shoulder which he who runs may read.

When it is realized that for over two years the *Defender* has been opposed to the movement to organize the Pullman porters, it is an evidence of a strong sense and feeling of conviction of the justice and righteousness of our cause for Mr. Robert S. Abbott, the owner and editor of the *Defender*, to so frankly and definitely take the side of the porters. We take off our hats to Mr. Abbott for his courage to turn against the powerful Pullman Company, with all of its millions and influence, and take up the sword, with the militancy and determination which the editorial indicated, in behalf of economic justice for the porters and maids. This is the most important happening in the Negro world in many a moon. It has elicited and provoked comment from Negroes and white people all over the country.

The porters and maids evinced great skepticism when they were first informed of this new policy of the *Defender* toward the Brotherhood. They wondered if it was real, genuine and stable. They thought it was too good to be true. They speculated as to the cause. They wondered how far the *Defender* would go with them. It is encouraging to note that in the issue of December 3d, the *Defender* restates its position on organized labor which is decidedly inspiring. It also shows its sincerity of policy by giving space to the Brotherhood's statement on co-operation with the Pullman Company.

### Sticking by Randolph

*To the Editor:*
Dear Mr. Randolph:

After following you in your work for two years as a member of the Brotherhood, I am today made feel more prouder of you than ever for several reasons. First, you have been truthful in your statements to the men, and you have advocated loyalty to the Pullman Company, and a clean intelligent program which the company should gladly accept and the men should willingly follow. Speaking for the Porters that I talk with, we are determined to send you on until the last board has declared our decree.

The Porters, after seeing the Pullman Company would not arbitrate our case, which is a just one, ought to say it is no more than we expected, for we know they have broken their own contract. One that they made and offered to the Porters and we know for a fact that they did break it, for in the last conference they held with the Porters, the number of delegates was supposed to have been twenty-four. They only received eighteen, and when a contract is once broken it becomes void unless renewed, which has not been done.

We expect them to get back from everything where they and the Porters make agreements for it don't mean much to the Porters. Of course the company will say the Porters sent the numbers and the ones they wanted, and they had nothing to do with it. That contract is worse than the saying about a man playing horse races, as it goes, "You can beat a race but you can't beat the Races." Now the Porters should be men and not have said that we support a contract that reads, "When you win you lose." We don't want such a contract as that.

The company says they will not arbitrate. The Porters mean to support their general organizer with unlimited support, to see if after we have complied with the law we can get protection within the law. We are going the limit to see if the Government when called on to act its part if it will allow the Pullman Company to comply with the law and free the Porters of unhealthy conditions, or refuse to recognize twelve thousand citizens of a just and lawful consideration.

We will say now we won't faint by the way. We are going to stick by A. Philip Randolph till the last act of Congress, for the law came from Congress, and lest we be men and take it back to Congress and ask them what they will do with us.

The Pullman Company cannot take from the Porters their birthrights by not arbitrating our case. No we will not stop, and now is the time for the Porters as a race to find how the Government will consider us.

Our conclusion is, the act came from Congress, and if we can't get Consideration before, we mean to take it back to them.

On the Road — A Porter.
Sept. 3, 1927.

### Cheers from Ohio

Dear Mr. Randolph:

I am enclosing a clipping from The Springfield Daily *News* of September 18th. It is not only sympathetic with your struggle, but appreciative of the principle for which you are contending. This clear and succinct statement of the issue in the Pullman Porter's struggle, by an editor of a midwestern white daily ought to shame those editors of Negro papers who are pettifogging and endeavoring to discredit the movement.

Your effort to introduce the idea of labor solidarity into the most exploited Negro group I consider the most advanced and practical attempt for the betterment of the Negro's economic condition. I also take this opportunity to express my appreciation of THE MESSENGER and the great service it is doing in encouraging discussion and the expression of new ideas.

Hoping success to you and the Brotherhood of Sleeping ar Porters, I remain

Yours truly,

CHARLES W. GREEN,
Springfield, Ohio,

### The Waterfront

(*Continued from page* 6)

They've known the harsh, heavy, rushing days of monotonous toil and the sweet comfort of purpose achieved when they sail into some peaceful harbor. In short, these men have lived." And turning my back on the room, flowing with heat and pungent with tobacco smoke, I went out into the street that is their Broadway, their Champs-Elysees, their Fifth Avenue, all rolled into one, West Street.

### Gold "Lust" Twins

(*Continued from page* 21)

employers not because of the Watson-Parker Law, but because of the strength of their organization and in spite of the weakness of the Law, which even Mays is able to discover.

The Pullman porters fully understand their limitations under the law which has been quite competently explained to them, and they are now ready manfully to stand together for their rights. What Mays and Shannon and the few Pullman officials who are credulous enough to listen to their stuff fail to understand and appreciate is the temper and determination of the New Negro; they are unable to observe what is now clearly seen by the average Southerner as evidenced by the erection of a monument in the State of Louisiana, dedicated to the memory of "The Good Old Darkey"—the Uncle Tom type of Negro. These people know that the type is passing out rapidly, therefore, they desire to perpetuate its memory. Monuments to men and types are built only after they are no more.

"I know that I am rendering the Pullman porters my best service when I say to them stop all this foolishness," shrieks the "Gold Hungry" Mays. Evidently an error was made; the sentence would be true if read "rendering the Pullman Company my best service" and believe us it is *some best*. The Company has been buying worse than yours, Mays, if that's possible, since the birth of the Brotherhood; and we would advise you to collect. This might be superfluous advice, however, since we learn that you do business on a C. O. D. basis.

Have no fears "Gold Lust Twins" the Brotherhood moves on apace and will survive all treachery and scoundrelry. After you shall have played your role and won the right to wear the mantle of Judas Iscariot, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters will stand granite-like and full-sized in the sun as a monument to Pullman porters, which will inspire the toilers of the race and others in their struggle toward organization through which alone can they realize a fuller measure of manhood rights and social justice.

### Book Bits

(*Continued from page* 12)

When he discusses the harm that religion does, and can do, he adds absolutely nothing to what Ward, Fuerbach, Schopenhauer and others, have said on this question. This man Swift doesn't think, but, to use Mr. Henshaw Ward's coinage he "thobs", because he fears that if the white race in America pursues its present course it will be superseded by the more vigorous and adaptable non-Nordics. Everywhere in America the so-called Anglo-Saxon is losing his previous position of ascendancy, and he is, quite naturally, alarmed. Mr. Swift puts the blame for everything that is wrong in America on the shoulders of the Jews. It is their religion, which is Judaism and not Christianity, that is the cause of it all, he solemnly tells us again and again, apparently never realizing that other races have added much to the present Christian system which he so cordially hates. Really he fears the Jews not so much for their foisting of a religion on the so-called Anglo-Saxons as he does for their demonstrated superiority. Man hates his superiors with as much venom as he disdains his inferiors.

### Red Caps

(*Continued from page* 8)

Not until the Red Caps realize that "the honor lies in the struggle not the prize," that struggle among a body of men involves sincerity. That in order to have conditions changed, the whole force must go forward and demand justice. Not until that time will there be any change in the Red Cap Force of Grand Central Terminal.

### Samory—The Conqueror

(*Continued from page* 3)

28,000, a third of which was armed with modern rifles; and 2,000 cavalry. Accompanying were 120,000 women, children and captives, with from 15,000 to 20,000 cattle.

The French had decided to wipe out his power this time and for the next year the struggle lasted, with Samory retreating the greater part of the time. But here also he showed his military skill. Commandant de Lartigue, one of his opponents, at this time says of him: "One cannot help admiring from a military point of view, his precision, the minute care with which Samory conducted this retreat and with what zeal his orders were executed by his generals." Among the latter were two of his sons, one of which was Saranke Mory, his heir.

But pressed by a superior force one must sooner or later yield, and in 1898 the end came, brought about as much by a domestic quarrel as by age. The favorite of his 300 wives was accused of infidelity with Saranke Mory, and the latter, threatened with torture, fled, throwing disorder into the ranks. A few days later while reading the Koran alone and unarmed Samory was surprised and captured by a native corporal and a white sergeant. Soon the alarm was given and a battle was about to begin but worn with more than fifty years of almost ceaseless fighting, he gave a sign to his men not to fight. Led away, he was imprisoned in the village of Njole in the Congo, where he died the following year of consumption.

La Grande Encyclopedie (French) says in part of him:

"Samory, great Negro potentate, who disputed deliberately a long time with France for possession of the Soudan . . . Handsome, of splendid height, very intelligent, very cunning, and extremely courageous . . . Unhappily for him he crossed the path of France from the Senegal to the Niger when France wished to ascend the great river towards its source and to descend toward Timbuctoo. The war between us and him commenced in 1881-2 and lasted until 1898.

"Having thus struggled very cleverly against Borgnis-Desbordes, Combes, Humbert, Archinbaud, Bonnier, and after having lost his capital, Bissandougou in 1891, he abandoned the Niger, that he had depopulated and went towards the east in the country of Kong in the region of the rivers. Here he built a new empire from which he was driven by France in 1898."

Like most great generals he relied on strategy almost as much as force. One method of his for frightening the enemy was an orchestra of about a hundred pieces composed of cornets, flutes, fifes, drums, whistles, tom-toms and other contrivances, which made a din that sounded like the shouting of victorious warriors mingled with the cries and groans of the dead, dying and defeated.

Samory has been likened to Napoleon, and who knows, had he been born in Europe, that his name might not have been handed down as one of the greatest military leaders of all time?

In weighing the attainment of an individual against that of another in any field prime consideration must be given to the environment in which each wrought. In this respect the parable of sower in St. Matthew is peculiarly appropriate. Some of the seeds brought forth an hundred fold, while others bore nothing either because they had fallen among weeds, or had been dropped on stony ground, or had been eaten by birds. All the seeds, however, came out of the same bag, and it was a matter of destiny, rather than of inherent ability why some won such brilliant success and others did not.

Two bits of iron alike in quality may find themselves, one, in a revolver and the other in a naval gun. The former will be thrown a few hundred yards, while the latter because of its superior environment will be thrown several miles. So it is with human genius which is alike in all races, but has not the same opportunity. Destiny places one in this environment and another in that.

### Roses from the Capital

Dear Mr. Randolph:

I want to congratulate you and Mr. Schuyler for the wonderful appearance of October MESSENGER. I like it immensely.

Sincerely,

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON.

Washington, D. C.
Oct. 4, 1927.


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